JOHN BULL, week ending August 29, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1889

3D EVERY THURSDAY

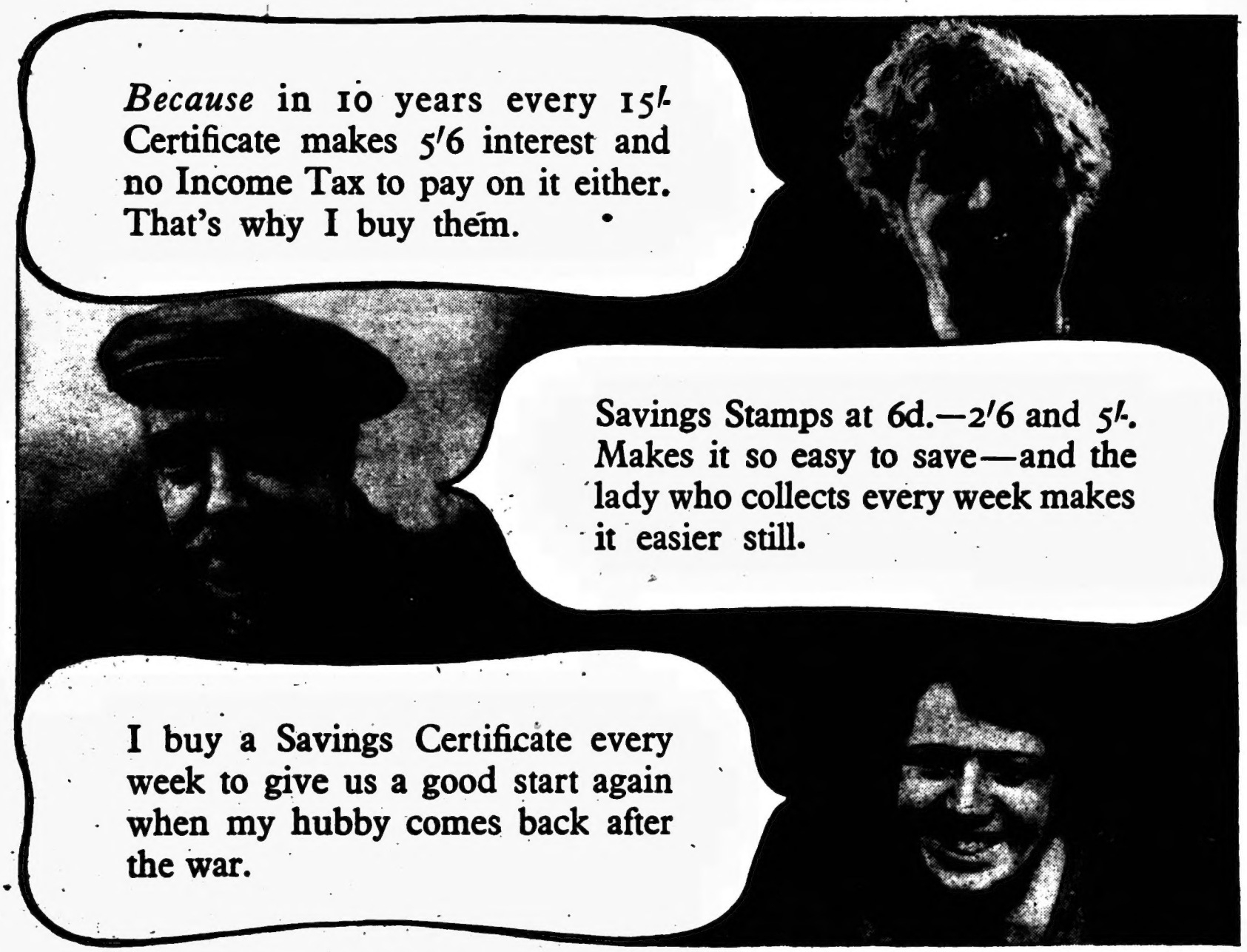
4th YEAR: WHAT'S THE OUTLOOK By A.C.G.

LETTERS FROM PRISONERS IN GERMANY

WHEN THEY FIGHT 8 MILES UP!

WHY I BUY NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Because in 10 years every 15/- Certificate makes 5/6 interest and no Income Tax to pay on it either. That's why I buy them.

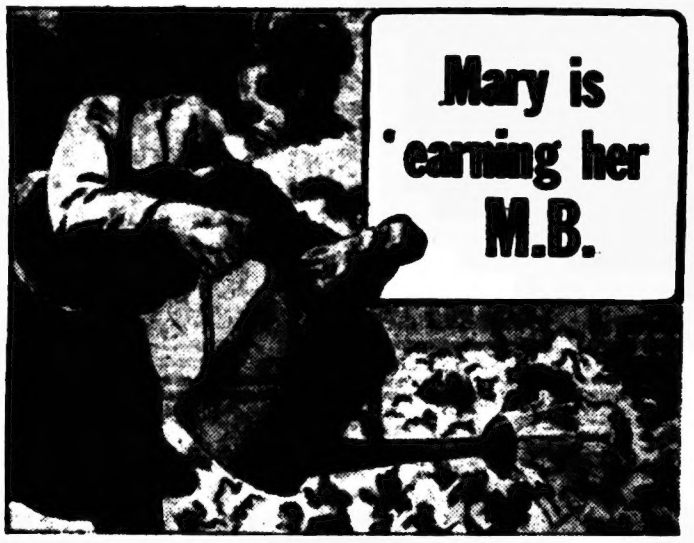


Savings Stamps at 6d.—2/6 and 5/-. Makes it so easy to save—and the lady who collects every week makes it easier still.

I buy a Savings Certificate every week to give us a good start again when my hubby comes back after the war.

3% DEFENCE BONDS. *When you reach the limit of 500 Certificates you should invest your further savings in 3% DEFENCE BONDS—£5 each. They can be bought by instalments—through your Savings Group or the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks*

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE



Collecting salvage, digging and saving for Victory, are efforts by the youngsters that deserve every encouragement. And since there simply can't be enough Mars Bars to go round, you will want to put those you *do* get to good use. So let the kiddies know that, from now on, Mars are strictly reserved for work warranting the award of a . . .

GIBBS NOW IN BATTLEDRESS REFILLS

Prices U.K. only 7D

TO SAVE VALUABLE METAL

The patriotic way to buy your Gibbs Dentifrice is in its new battledress refill. This saves the country's metal. Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs in refill form. Popular Size 7d, including tax.

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE

R. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1 GD 2332

MAKE YOUR LUX TOILET SOAP LAST AS LONG AS YOU CAN

These simple hints will help you

ALWAYS keep your Lux Toilet Soap dry when not in use.

The best thing is to place it on a little rubber mat, if you have one. If you haven't, a wire tray or even an old-fashioned perforated china soap dish is a good idea.

Cut out waste by sticking the remaining piece of the old tablet on to the new one. Never let the soap tablet lie about in the bath or basin when you're washing. Never wash under a running tap.

And lastly, save more soap by rubbing it, not on to the face flannel, but on to your hands. Actual tests have shown that in this way you can save a quarter of the soap you normally used for washing your face alone.

Follow these tips and your tablet of Lux Toilet Soap will keep you going for a long time.

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

3½d. tablet, (including Purchase Tax), for 1 coupon

TL 1269-9 A LEVER PRODUCT

Mix your Horlicks with water only — the milk is already in it

Many people keep their Horlicks to have as a night-cap. It helps to ensure that deep, restful sleep which means abundant energy for the next day's work. Fortunately, Horlicks makes no demand on the milk supply. The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water *only*. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

Despite wartime handicaps your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's.

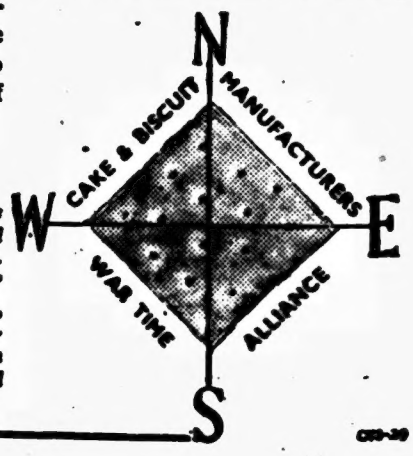
Bob Martin's Condition Powders, 7d & 1/1½

No more MIXED BISCUITS

The Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers' War Time Alliance remind retailers and the public that not only have manufacturers decided to withdraw assortments in the interests of economy but also that the mixing of biscuits by a retailer is prohibited under an Order made by the Minister of Food.

The public are therefore requested not to ask for mixed biscuits but to content themselves with some of one or two kinds — each of them being a separate purchase.

If your retailer cannot offer your old favourite, do not blame him, but accept what he does offer, knowing that he is doing his best and the absence of your favourite is part of the plan to provide fair shares of biscuits for all.



This announcement is one of a series, issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers' War Time Alliance, relating to the manufacture, distribution and sale of cakes and biscuits.

CBD-39

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 29, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

UNDER FIRE

● There is reason to believe that the enemy has again assembled a strong bombing force on the other side of the English Channel, despite his heavy fighter losses.

It also seems highly probable that the recent night attacks on this country have been in the nature of training exercises for the new crews.

We should therefore make certain that our fire-fighting arrangements are complete.

Are they?

Weeks have passed since the announcement of compulsory training for fire guards.

But training has not yet started in many of the most important "danger zones," even though the firemen who would supervise the training have little to do just now, and even though the training order has at last been signed.

Similarly, there is delay in the mobilising of women for fire-guard duties.

Months elapsed after the Second Great Fire of London before the fire guard was compulsorily enrolled.

Need that delay be repeated?

Straight from the Shoulder

THINGS TO COME

LOOK to the autumn, for the summer is dying fast.

In a few weeks' time the English Channel will be shrouded in mist, and rain will begin to fall on the blood-soaked soil of Russia.

It is getting late for Hitler's hope of a smashing success in the East.

But it is not too late for us to confront him with new anxieties in the West.

Diversions

Even should it not be possible for us to invade the Continent at once, we must none the less pass to the offensive at once.

The British public will no longer be satisfied with defensive action. Dieppe must be the forerunner of wider, deeper, stronger diversions.

Nazis on a Pin

Their value will be great. Not merely to sustain the high morale of our Army, which is fighting mad despite long inaction.

But to pin down still bigger forces of the enemy and to train our combined forces for bigger things to come.

Heavy Blow

Already the threat of such raids, which may or may not presage a Western Front, is tying down large enemy forces.

Up to a million men are on the defensive in Western Europe. A large proportion of the *Luftwaffe* is similarly prevented from joining the battle on the Russian front.

The Dieppe raid inflicted heavy losses on the *Luftwaffe* fighters. Therefore, still more machines will have to be withdrawn by Hitler from Russia.

Helping the Soviets

The heavier our raids, the more men and machines will be drained from Russia, the greater our support for our Soviet allies.

The autumn that is now dawning should thus bring a new tonic to the United Nations, a fresh worry for the Axis.

Weeks of Crisis

In Russia itself, the autumn will be a critical testing-time.

Look behind the details of the battles now raging. Look to the broad facts that will shape the situation of the future.

Russian losses have been heavy. But Russian resistance will continue.

Half-and-Half

Five million brave Russian soldiers have been killed, captured or wounded. Fifty million Russian people have been enslaved.

Half of Russia's wheat, half her coal, have fallen into enemy hands. Her steel production also has been halved.

In Reserve

That is the black side of the picture. What is the white?

Hitler has failed to inflict a mortal wound on our ally in four months of all-out fighting.

His massed tanks have been met by massed artillery. He has conquered vast territories and great populations; he has not conquered the Russian armies. And we need not doubt that Stalin has hidden huge stores of oil beyond the Volga to sustain those armies—whatever may happen in the Caucasus.

The Caucasus

Hitler may succeed in driving along the coastal plains and low foothills to Baku. But if he fails to cross the high ranges of the Caucasus *quickly* his power of launching enormous offensives will wane.

The indications are that he will fail. He will be forced on the defensive—both in Russia and on the coasts of Europe.

Key-Point

Note this: If Stalingrad holds, the bulk of the Russian armies will hold, and Von Bock will not dare to drive too far through the Caucasus for fear of exposing his long lines to a Russian counter-attack.

Stalin means to hold Stalingrad, whatever the cost.

Middle East

Can Hitler drive through to the oil-fields of Persia by another route—through Egypt?

No doubt he will try to do so. Indeed, Rommel is losing so much of his supplies in the Mediterranean that he will probably be persuaded to take the offensive before our own reinforcements become decisive.

Two Chances

If we can rebut Rommel's drive, then our chance will come. Farther east, our opportunity has already arrived.

Despite the cautious silence of the Americans, their offensive in the Solomons is doing well, and should disrupt Japanese plans elsewhere.

Hitting Back

Chiang Kai-shek's recapture of Wenchow shows how far the Japanese are failing in their efforts to beat down China's magnificent resistance.

Owing to the cutting of the Burma Road, Britain and the U.S. can send hardly any supplies to China. But the Chinese, even if they are discouraged, are not defeatist.

Japan will never succeed in beating them.

India's Question Mark

The one great danger is India.

For the Indian crisis has not been resolved by the arrest of Gandhi, Nehru and Azad. There is a grave risk of further civil strife.

And if our army there is engaged in suppressing civil disorders, Japan will be tempted to invade.

Way Out

Yet, if both sides could but see it, there is an easy way out for the British Government and the Indian people.

The Viceroy is wisely retiring into the background. More and more his status approximates to that of the King in this country. He rules but does not govern.

The Government is really the Viceroy's council, and that is chiefly comprised of Indians.

Self-Rule

Is not the remedy obvious?

Let an effort be made to increase the scope of that chiefly Indian council! Let us try to include Congress and Moslem leaders among its members!

The Moslem leaders last week announced their willingness to take part in a provisional government. That offer must not be allowed to pass unheeded.

Let us try to convince the Indian masses of the truth—that here, right now, they have the opportunity to govern themselves!

Here and Now

Our promise has gone forth that after the war the Indian people will have "Dominion status."

The means already exist by which they can be made to feel that the struggle against Axis aggression is a part of their own struggle for freedom.

But it is our duty to make it clear that self-rule is theirs for the asking—not in some distant halcyon paradise, but quickly and definitely. Will all sections face up to their responsibilities?

Air-Minded!

Here and now, too, we should make sure of that cohesion in the war effort for which this journal has pleaded for years.

We must have united strategy, combined planning of military forces and materials.

We must, too, have men who understand modern warfare. Men who regard fighting not as a matter of cavalry sweeps and hill campaigns, but as an affair of 'planes, tanks and tommy-guns!

Lesson for Us

Yet how many of our generals who would like to subordinate the R.A.F. really know anything of aerial tactics? JOHN BULL knows of none.

The Americans have put two air force commanders in supreme command of all forces engaged in two theatres of war.

We, alas! have still to learn how to make our three Fighting Forces capable of their greatest achievements under a joint general staff.

Job for Wavell!

When the big offensive opens there must be one supreme commander—as supreme as Foch in the last war. He may be an American or a Briton—it will not matter which so long as he has grit and our confidence.

If we cannot have the small War Cabinet of four men with no other thought than planning and pushing on with the war to victory, then let us have Wavell and the best of our military brains doing that job and reporting direct to the Prime Minister.

World Prosperity

We have still to learn how to make our propaganda effective by planning for the peace.

Mr. Nash, the New Zealand statesman, favours a World Reconstruction Council to harness the world's potential prosperity, distribute surpluses of goods, and enforce a decent standard of living throughout the world.

It is time that Britain, too, looked ahead.

(Continued overleaf)

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE TO

FIRE WATCHERS!

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, etc.

A FREE AIR RAID POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

AND now a peep ahead—to peace time!

Scores of Government spokesmen have promised us there will be no exploitation of the homeless, as after the last war.

But as we read the signs—and a big one is a rather curious property-buying boom now in progress—there will be more rent profiteering than ever unless something is done.

Our Next Slums

Never have rubbishy houses sold so readily.

Britain is being scoured for condemned cottages, which will sell without doors or windows.

Big, crumbling houses with short leases—the sort wise people used to avoid—are being bid for frenziedly.

Idea is that, when the boys come home, they will have to pay ridiculous rents for these pigsties.

100 Per Cent. Profits

As to newer houses, many people are anxious to sell but, with building societies unable to accept small deposits, few can afford to buy.

So *very* private companies are cornering these properties in thousands—buying at half the price the little man will have to pay when the building societies are able to oblige him again with a loan.

Ironically, many of these houses were built with the help of State subsidies granted to *help* the little man!

Ritzy Turkeys

And here's another irony. Five million hens have got to die on or after October 1, under the Government's hen-food rationing scheme.

Not so that most hungry and luxury-loving bird the turkey, which we are well able to do without in war time.

A JOHN BULL *representative who went round turkey farms in Hertfordshire found hundreds of them being fed on fresh milk, cream, and, in one case, hens' eggs!*

Mrs. Waite Wins

His visit was a dual purpose one. He went to talk to the gleaners, too.

But in miles and miles of newly cut cornfields he met only three.

One, Mrs. Waite, aged seventy, gathered enough corn last autumn to feed twelve hens through the winter.

"Farmers would rather us have it than it lie there and attract the birds," she said, "but modern people are too lazy!"

Beat the Birds!

Said one farmer: "The corn it doesn't pay us to collect would go a long way to feeding those five million hens.

"But you've got to pounce on it quicker than the birds."

Small poultry keepers living near the cornfields might take the hint.

And, next year, there should be some organised effort to see that this corn does not go to waste—in doing so actually helping to defeat one of the farmers' arch-enemies.

Death in the Grass

Meanwhile, toddlers in the country search the fields for something more deadly.

They find live and spent ammunition galore after military exercises in which the troops fire mortars, machine-guns and rifles.

One reader has collected a basketful—much of it unfired.

Yet Army apologists are always turning up at inquests to explain how difficult it is for a single bullet to be unaccounted for!

Silly Distinction

And here's something else for the War Office to put right—and we know that no department is readier to do that when necessary.

A Norfolk Home Guard unit has one part of its notice-board for volunteers, the other part for men compulsorily enlisted.

For parades, the order is: "Volunteers, Fall In," followed by: "Intakes, Fall In." There are similar distinctions.

And protests from the so-called "intakes" concerned have been met with the childish threat that if they're not careful they'll be called conscripts.

Those Boards Again!

A Leicester man, a sufferer from epileptic fits for many years, looks like going into the Commandos!

Anyhow, put in Grade 4 by one medical board, he later appeared before another and put in Grade 1.

It prompted the duty clerk to say: "My God, what a jump!"

They Know Them

Dog doesn't eat dog, but we happen to know that Army doctors have a very low opinion of men who sit on some of these Ministry of Labour medical boards.

They are sometimes sent men—men put in high grades, at that—who any intelligent person without medical qualifications can see are utterly unfitted for the lightest military tasks.

It is ten to one that the man we refer to above, after the country has spent money on his equipment and training, will be found by the regimental doctor to be unfitted for soldiering.

Exchanges-de-Luxe!

But certain women affect to be grateful to the Ministry of Labour.

They say: "We shan't do badly if we are called up. We are registered at one of the employment exchanges in the West End of London. You get the best and cleanest jobs there."

Belief in some such differentiation between districts is widespread, and, if it is untrue, Mr. Bevin should hasten to say so.

Remember the Nurses!

And the Ministry of Health should hasten to announce a better deal all round for our nurses.

We have fought for better pay for the Fighting Services, and we feel pretty sure it is coming.

But, as pressure on our nursing staffs grows greater, the plight of many of these wonderful women grows steadily worse.

Their Sisters Speak

Factory girls somewhere in Wales send us this sisterly little plea on behalf of nurses:

"We get our £4 wage, and good dinners at our canteen.

"Most nurses can't even get a spot of their rations when they have their time off.

"Day nurses getting one day a week, sleeping at home, and night nurses with four days off per four weeks, have to draw on the scanty rations of their families, for they can't afford restaurants."

Sinecure

Then, asked by a nursing paper for the appropriate rate of pay for a State Registered Nurse taking charge of a local scabies clinic, the Ministry of Health replied:

"There is no standard rate. The local medical officer of health either appoints a part-time nurse who is a member of the Civil Nursing Reserve and draws no salary, or appoints a nurse at a salary fixed by local arrangement."

Broken Promise

Too many people forget that nurses are human beings—if not the most human of human beings.

Many of them are denied the seven days' holiday promised to women in the war effort to coincide with their Service husbands' seven days of leave.

One hospital obligingly grants two days. And very grudgingly.

Misrepresentation

Other authorities are conveniently forgetting that definite promise to allow husbands and wives to have a holiday together.

In fact, at one Ordnance Depot the women were assembled and told that the practice of giving women a holiday when their husbands were on leave had been stopped.

By whom? The Government has certainly not announced that its pledged word in this respect is to be treated as waste paper.

Ordnance Dances

At another Ordnance Depot the most thorough precautions are adopted to ensure that no unauthorised person shall enter. Passes are scrutinised and re-scrutinised.

But, although there are good dance-halls in the vicinity, a huge unwanted warehouse bang in the middle of the works is being turned into a ballroom.

And, as far as can be judged at present, there will be little to stop revellers wandering about among powder magazines.

Withdrawn

We told how the father of a boy in the Air Training Corps was asked recently to sign that form indemnifying the authorities against any claim should the boy be a victim of a flying accident.

We are pleased to hear that the form was withdrawn last December, and was issued in error in this case.

The Air Ministry has made sure the mistake will not recur.

Anyhow, there can be no mistake about this being a wonderful movement for keen, healthy boys who don't want to feel "grounded" in the Flying Age that is dawning.

Urgent! Go Slow!

While soldiering, a Post Office employee received an urgent recall to civilian life.

With other experts withdrawn from the Army he was put on hush-hush work of the greatest urgency.

But their appeals to be allowed to work overtime—or at week-ends, when they are separated from their families—have been turned down.

Yet they aim at victory, which quick completion of this job will help to achieve—not overtime pay, as officialdom seems to think.

Not Wanted

Then there's the case of a healthy young London girl who worked in a boot shop till the authorities instructed her to report for work at the local Food Office.

Said the Food Office when she called: "But they've already given us three girls we can't find work for."

And now they won't let her go back to the boot shop, and she depends on unemployment pay for her daily bread.

This Makes Waste

There's a lot Lord Woolton can do about daily bread.

If it was sensible in peace time not to allow bakers to sell half loaves, it isn't in war time, when it often means that people have to buy twice as much as they require.

Then we still have bread vans from Town A taking supplies to Town B, while vans from Town B rush to Town A.

And This is War Time

And there are those shiny loaves you get in the dearer restaurants.

That shine is got by driving steam through the ovens.

The steam is made by a separate heating apparatus, which means a waste of fuel and, in the bigger bakeries, a waste of labour.

Behind the News

- **Hitler is far from confident about the Russian offensive. Secret instructions to his peace pedlars in neutral countries aim at a "breathing space" for the German army before the winter.**
- Feelers have been sent out and intermediaries approached in an effort to lure Britain into some sort of compromise.
- *Invasion nerves in Germany are jumping badly. "Reichs-Defence-Commissars" are preparing counter-measures not merely to invasion of Europe but of Germany.*
- **Japanese, too, are worried about the security of Germany. Every available Japanese reporter on the Continent is making secret reports to Japanese War Ministry.**
- "Oil Doctors," specially trained engineers, have been ordered by Hitler to save the burning Russian oilfields, have been told that Germany must have new oil supplies by Spring or a reduced army and air force.
- *Executions without trial are going on at a high rate inside Germany. People, worried lest they offend some unwritten, unspecified law, move in fear of their lives.*
- **Goering is running very short of industrial diamonds. Brazilian supplies have stopped, while Dutchmen not only fail to produce the goods but disclaim knowing anything about diamond cutting.**
- Secret offers of independence to Brittany and Normandy, made by Nazis to counter danger of invasion, are being treated as jokes even by French quislings.
- *German research metallurgists, after two years' work, finally report inability to make an ersatz alloy to compete with Anglo-U.S. metal for airplane valves. Ours last twice as long as the* Luftwaffe's.
- **Reich food ministry has ordered the killing of another 20 per cent. of the country's depleted pig herds, German people being no longer able to spare the smallest scraps for swill.**
- Immediately details of latest Moscow conferences were hinted at, Von Papen renewed pressure on Turkey to break with Allies or to allow passage of Nazi troops. Premier Sarajoglu reiterated that Turkey would honour her treaties without reservation.
- *Evidence as to why U-boat chief Doenitz warns Axis not to expect continued successes: recent Allied captures include one U-boat commander aged nineteen, and several ratings who were only last year fighting as soldiers.*
- **German camouflage corps has been trebled in last few weeks. Necessity of disguising landmarks near important targets from the R.A.F. is the reason.**

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

OUR FRIENDS FROM U.S.A.

AMONG all the arrant nonsense talked and written since the war began, none is more stupid and dangerous than the chatter about "misunderstanding" between British and American troops.

For there "ain't no such animal." The one thing every sensible person on both sides of the Atlantic *does* understand and appreciate to the last degree is that Great Britain and the United States mean to see this grim business through together and at all costs.

They've got to. Each is indispensable to the other.

Some people, apparently, cannot see this.

Recently, for example, a British national newspaper sponsored a Gallup Poll intended to show what our people think of Americans.

This was foolish in the extreme. Nothing is to be gained by begging so mischievous a question.

To do so at this critical juncture in world affairs, when all the English-speaking world is united in the comradeship of arms, was discourteous to our friends and an insult to our own common-sense and instinct of hospitality.

But the poll was held, and a relatively tiny number of people answered absurd set questions in such a way as to suggest—quite wrongly—that a third of our population takes a poor view of the people of the United States.

Here was a sorry bait for controversy! Unfortunately, it was swallowed by another national newspaper, which, not content with denying the conclusions reached, proceeded to conduct a somewhat similar inquiry among its own readers.

The simple fact is that this country's welcome to all Americans, and particularly to American fighting men now among us, is wholehearted and unreserved.

For, apart from everything else, most of these Americans are our own kith and kin. They live like us and think along much the same lines.

They have the same passionate love of freedom; the same sturdy, you-be-darned independence.

Their laws and their political system are fundamentally such as we believe in and support. Their generous sympathies match our finest liberal traditions.

And, now that it has come to "the great show-down," they are no less resolved than ourselves—or the Russians or the Chinese—to call Hitler's gigantic bluff with "everything they've got."

When Lady Astor was foolish enough to say in public some little time ago that the Russians were fighting for themselves and not for us, she naturally roused a storm of indignation.

But the same mischievous half-truth is no less dangerous when applied by any one of the Free Peoples to another.

EACH of the United Nations is admittedly fighting for its own existence, but all are fighting in the same cause.

For the struggle is one and indivisible.

It is true that we and the American people don't know each other well enough. We have not yet got used to those differences of manner, speech, dress and habit which must always exist among widely separated people even of the same blood and the same democratic faith.

This war is giving the British Commonwealth and the United States a unique opportunity to "get together" and to learn to understand each other.

If they will use the opportunity, they can ensure the happiness and security of all peoples through the sane and honest leadership of the English-speaking world.

If they fail to use it, we shall lose the peace even though we win the war.

JOHN BULL is profoundly anxious to cement and strengthen Anglo-American friendship, and, therefore, we urge everybody in these islands to give their American comrades "the glad hand."

Our "insular reserve" is traditional, but it is a tradition that should be broken in this instance.

The Americans—like it or not—saved us from disaster in the last war, and, without their help, we should have no chance of winning this one.

Forget past differences and disappointments. Remember only that to-day *the United States is pro-British in a big way.*

Americans *were* critical in the first stages of a war that seemed "phoney," but their frankness then was nothing more than the privileged frankness of near relatives desperately anxious on our account.

When they saw we meant business; when they realised how we could "take it," and how, alone against the Axis, we fought back, their anxiety changed to admiration and eager sympathy.

"Lease-Lend"—the biggest and most generous economic deal ever made between two great countries—followed, and with it the surge of American sympathy overflowed into spontaneous action.

Hundreds of millions of dollars were subscribed by ordinary American men and women to help us. Countless thousands of "Bundles for Britain" were made up for our refugees. Ambulances and field kitchens were manned and dispatched for our service.

And, finally, after the United States had been our partner in deed for many, many months, she became complete partner in law and war, in policy and practice.

Already her men are flying and fighting side by side with ours. And we know that, when we *are* able to open the Second Front, the British Commonwealth and the United States will carry it forward together.

What do little differences matter among two peoples united in such a cause?

There are differences enough between the Americans and the Canadians, but none that have made it necessary to guard thousands of miles of the peaceful frontier between them.

Who is mad enough in these days to stress the undeniable differences which exist among the British, the Russians, the Poles, the Czechs, the Free French, the Dutch, the Danes, and all the other Free Peoples whose essential unity is manifest in their common fight against the Nazi-Fascist oppressors?

We denounce as mischief-makers, if not traitors, all who exaggerate or wilfully repeat the inevitable tittle-tattle of squabble and dispute.

If, among millions of armed men of different countries and all impatient for action, there were no petty arguments, the day of miracles would have dawned.

BUT human nature does not change, and, even among our own troops, there will always be some rivalry and even an occasional brawl.

That is nothing. It is no more important than the bickering of children in the same family.

The only thing that matters to us and to America and to the future of the world is the fundamental friendship of our two peoples.

President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are aware of this. They have made common cause and spoken with one voice. They have set their signatures to the same Atlantic Charter, and now they are joined in the same solemn pledges to Russia.

Our individual duty is to follow their lead. We must put an end once and for all to any suggestion of foolish sneers and odious comparisons.

For we are certain that the better world which all decent people long for can never be built without the continued and wholehearted collaboration of the Great Democracies.

They speak the same language and they share the same faith. Together they can lead humanity to such happiness, freedom and security as it has never yet known.

Some Have Special 'Date' with Nazis

THE doughboy who had lost his way in the streets of London sought help from a passer-by whom he soon recognised as a Continental refugee.

"And where do you come from?" he asked. "Poland" was the reply.

"Shake, buddy," said the American gleefully. "That's where I am heading for. That is the country from which my family came to America. I promised the old man to look up his brother in Saybusch. And if the Nazis have as much as turned a hair on his head—God help them!"

★ ★ ★

Many similar little dialogues are taking place all over the country when American soldiers meet the victims of Hitler who have found refuge here.

They explain the added purpose and determination with which thousands of doughboys look forward to an invasion of the Continent. To them it is a return to the land of their fathers.

There was the twenty-six-year-old sergeant with an unpronounceable name who has been speaking his Czech mother-tongue until he was over five years old, when his parents emigrated to America.

Apart from his name there is nothing to distinguish him now from his American comrades whose slang he speaks, whose country he rightly regards as his own.

★ ★ ★

At the bottom of his heart, though, he was longing to be in it when American troops helped to liberate Czechoslovakia.

From his early youth he had heard the stories of the little village where his parents were born, where he, too, had spent the first years of his life. Now he knew that old relatives were smarting under the jack-boot. "As an American of Czech origin," he said, "I am going to make them pay for their crimes!"

There are Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutch—their names and their features reveal their origin. They have all gone through the remarkable mill of assimilation which makes all immigrants to the U.S. so truly American.

Yet they followed even more eagerly, perhaps, than their Anglo-Saxon compatriots the stories of horror and torture, of oppression and murder to which the lands of their ancestors were subjected.

They carry in their pockets photographs of relatives who seemed forgotten until the spotlight of grim history picked them out again. They have withered picture postcards showing little towns which meant the world to their fathers and grandfathers.

They know they will not find them intact, happy and beautiful as they live in the memory of their parents. They will never find the glorious landscapes they first heard about from their mothers when they were toddling children.

★ ★ ★

But they mean to recapture the glory and the happiness of the land of their fathers. They will return to it, arms in hands, and exact a terrible price from the Nazi barbarians who have defamed it.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, British Ambassador to Spain

DEAR SIR SAMUEL,—Forty-nine survivors from a torpedoed British ship reached New York last week. They reported that a Spanish ship passed their lifeboats but ignored their pleas for help.

That was a day after the announcement that you had arranged for us to send 60,000 tons of food to Spain. I hope you're satisfied.

There is more than a suspicion that U-boats refuel in Spanish ports—in order to attack us. Spain's Foreign Minister openly promises support for the Axis; Spanish "volunteer" troops are hustled off to Russia to fight for Germany; Spanish Fascists boast that they will drag their country into the war against us when the time is opportune.

But you hope to change their heart by bribing them with the food that we shall need for ourselves next winter!

I hope you're satisfied. I'm not.—JOHN BULL.

LADY R., Eversley, Hants

DEAR MADAM.—I wish you no luck in your quest for a cook.

She must be a good cook, your advertisement stipulates. **There's an easy job for her:** "One in family, five in staff, help given, good wages, safe area."

A pleasant and peaceful existence!

But perhaps you do not know that women are urgently needed for more important jobs. You may even be ignorant of the fact that great numbers of women have given up a pleasant existence in order to make the stuff of war.

Such advertisements as yours infuriate them. They—and myself—feel that while so many women are putting war even before the interests of their children, such people as you should be content with a staff of five to minister to a "family of one."—JOHN BULL.

Sir J. WARDLAW-MILNE, M.P., Parliament's Watchdog

DEAR SIR,—No matter how often you expose instances of waste and inefficiency, still more await your investigation.

Let me suggest an inquiry into the allegations reported to me by two reputable business men.

Brought from overseas, tank components were delivered to a factory; each article carefully coated with anti-rust material and packed in greaseproof paper, the consignment was worth some £1,500.

And the whole lot, it is alleged, was ordered to be tipped on the scrapheap at the blast furnace for re-melting.

My second correspondent alleges that the highly productive iron ore mine he owns has been compulsorily closed by officialdom.

With the result that 7,000 tons of raw material are said to have been withheld from the war effort.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P., Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—"Lost in the post" is becoming an everyday phrase. With good reason!

The number of postal thefts has increased alarmingly.

So alarmingly, indeed, that the high reputation of your Department is seriously endangered.

This is no discredit upon the great mass of the Post Office staff. But it is perhaps inevitable that war has made it easier for disreputable persons to enter your organisation.

Your honest employees would like them rounded-up. So would the public as a whole.

I should welcome an assurance from you that your investigation department is making every effort to meet the new menace.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANK WOLSTENCROFT, Chairman Trades Union Congress

DEAR SIR,—Women war workers, it is said, "have joined in the wild stampede for higher wages."

Which is no doubt meant to conjure up a picture of screaming women, with dishevelled hair and waving arms, rushing down Whitehall in fierce pursuit of a frightened Mr. Bevin.

The truth, fortunately, is less sensational, and I hope the T.U.C. will support the ladies for the sake not of gallantry but justice.

The fact is that semi-skilled women in non-Government munition factories receive a minimum wage of 43s. a week.

Whereas those in Government shell-filling factories receive a minimum of 55s., and skilled women in Government gun factories get 62s.

So, naturally, the workers employed by private firms are asking for more.

They should get it for two reasons:

It is manifestly unfair that private employers should pay less than the State. And, anyhow, 43s. is not a living wage in these days of high prices.

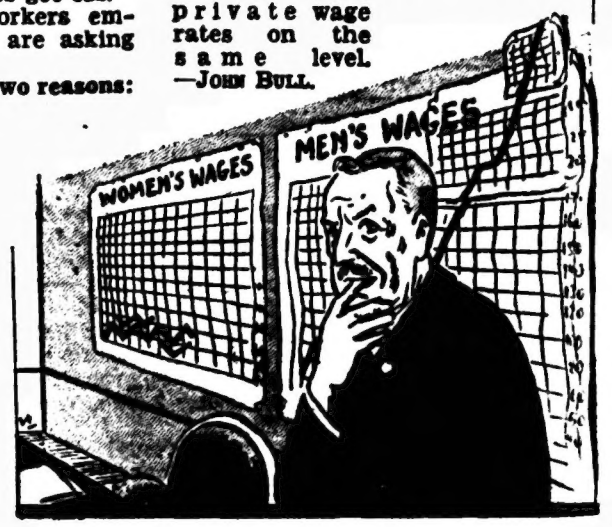
Of course, it is essential that wages must not be allowed to "spiral up to the realms of inflation." Trade union leaders have shown as much appreciation of this point as any economist.

Actually, the general level of wages is by no means excessive.

And no one free from prejudice can possibly argue that inflation would result if a few extra shillings were given to the women who have left the comfort of their homes to do invaluable work in the nation's war effort.

I am glad, therefore, that negotiations are now taking place between the women's unions, the employers, and the Ministry of Labour.

I am sure the whole trade union movement will stand firm on this issue. The result, I trust, will be a much-earned increase that will put Government and private wage rates on the same level.—JOHN BULL.



Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—On September 1, the backyard pig will be condemned to death. On October 1, the backyard hen will have its neck wrung.

So there'll be less bacon when the nation most needs it. There'll be 700,000,000 eggs less this winter, so the egg ration will probably disappear entirely.

Why? Because you say that feeding stuff cannot be spared for the "little man's" livestock.

Rubbish! The dustbins of this country are stacked with domestic scraps of food that could, and should, be converted into cattle feed.

You are too good a Minister of Agriculture—I think you the best we have ever had—to be satisfied with this fantastic situation.

Persuade the salvage authorities to do their job and thus enable you to do yours!—JOHN BULL.

The Men Who Live in a World of Paper

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

IN the world of bureaucracy paper, despite its scarcity and the vital part it plays in the war effort, is king. Without reams of paper to despoil your poor bureaucrat would be like a deflated windbag. He would be like a City man shorn of his striped trousers or like a confidence trickster without a bulging wallet or a Sackville Street suit.

★ ★ ★

Orders pour out of Whitehall in a flood which makes the Severn bore look like the flow of a gentle stream. Gentlemen in other Government Departments vie with one another in making life, officially, as complex as possible.

At a recent court-martial, defending counsel said: "I am told that in the last half-year 1,500 A.C.I.s (Army Council Instructions) and 1,000 Eastern Command orders have been issued. I defy any man to keep pace with them."

Try to imagine, if you can, the perplexity, the bitterness and the anger these orders must arouse in the minds of commanding officers who want to get on with the job of training their men.

I shudder to think what this unnecessary spate of A.C.I.s costs the country in terms of pay, of paper, of typing, duplicating, distributing. But "orders is orders," and it seems that all efforts to stem their flow are as effectual as Mrs. Partington's broom.

Then I read elsewhere of a reference number given by the Ministry of Supply. It was something like this: 354/8/8432 (Pro 8E) SW5 a/4/QR5364 364RT 5/433 (AB. XY).

With what fiendish glee must the compiler of this formidable reference have surveyed his work! With what petty delight he must gloat over the discomfiture of those who make a slip in quoting the reference!

And now his bureaucratic mind must swell with self-appreciation when the full intricacies of the filing system are leading some underling through the labyrinthine maze of letters and numerals.

Nothing, not even the threat of national extinction, can, it seems, reform the official mind or method.

But some people manage to get things done by evasive action. A friend of mine, a civilian, is engaged on vital work which brings him in contact with all three of the Fighting Services.

He doesn't waste paper. When he wants anything done he gets hold of an officer who matters, takes him out for a drink and outlines his plans.

★ ★ ★

"In this way," said my friend. "I can do more in half an hour than I could achieve in weeks through official channels."

I have never solved the mystery of the bureaucratic mind and its official papers. Sometimes I feel that the paper flood is a façade erected to conceal the barrenness of the bureaucratic mind, its lack of enterprise and originality, and its constant fear of change.

Well, it's having its day now. And it had better make the most of it. Because I'm sure that its days after the war are numbered.

When They Fight 8 Miles Up

Pilots, bound for the No-man's Air, have to fill up with oxygen, like cars take on petrol from a roadside pump.

BY JOHN CASHEL

★ It sounds a little fantastic even in these days of aerial wonders, but it's what the air forces locked in this world battle are aiming for—and expect to achieve.

SWIFTLY and silently the Battle of the Upper Air is being fought out between the R.A.F. and the Luftwaffe, with the U.S. Army Air Corps and the Red Air Force adding their tremendous weight to win for the United Nations the vital victory of the stratosphere.

Four hundred miles an hour at 40,000 feet, or nearly seven miles a minute at almost eight miles up, is the goal. It is taking some scoring.

How fast and how high can man fly?

In speed he outpaces the machine. "We have reached the stage," an eminent medical authority declares, "when our men, highly trained and safeguarded, can stand stress as great, if not greater, than can modern aircraft."

Airmen can endure seven miles a minute and more. Yet no nation claims to be operating a machine flying that fast, though there has been much glib unofficial talk for three years about 400 m.p.h. fighters.

We now know that the much-boosted F.W.190, Germany's newest and finest fighter, flies no faster than 375 m.p.h., its maximum at 18,000 feet. Above that, the higher it goes the slower.

The Crucial Limit

The Spitfire may beat it by a few miles. The hush-hush Typhoon may do better still. The U.S. Thunderbolt, its makers claim, can do 400 m.p.h. and reach 40,000 feet.

Round about that height the airman reaches the crucial limit. There, even pure oxygen won't keep him alive, let alone fit to fight, without the atmosperic pressure needed to force it from his lungs into his blood stream.

Eight miles up that pressure is less than one-fifth what it is on the ground.

Only with artificial aid in such a rarified atmosphere can even supermen, superbly fit and trained to the *nth* degree in ground pressure chambers in which high altitude conditions are reproduced, hope to survive.

No one outside the Service is allowed near these secret chambers of the R.A.F., so closely is the veil drawn.

But I have been given an inside close-up by the first civilian observer, now at the Air Ministry, to make a test in Britain in the one in which Squadron Leader F. R. D. Swain prepared for his world-record aeroplane ascent of 49,994 feet.

Flight-Lieutenant Adam improved this to 53,937, and the Italian, Lieut.-Col. Mario Pezzi, to 56,032.

All these wore high altitude suits, inflated with oxygen till their wearer looks like a giant rubber toy, and in which sufficient atmospheric pressure is maintained to force the necessary oxygen into the blood.

Beans Beat Him!

In the R.A.F. ground chamber, my Air Ministry informant tells me, Squadron Leader Swain touched a theoretical height of 80,000, over fifteen miles.

When he stepped out he was cheerful but felt some discomfort. This he attributed to a meal of beans and lager, not the wisest diet before such a test, for reasons now better known.

But for his pressure suit he could not have existed in a reproduced atmosphere so rarified that the life-saving pressure was reduced from 14.7 lb. a square inch to .39 of a lb.

"Wearing our oxygen masks we sat in the chamber, an airtight cylinder of steel about eight feet in diameter, while through strong glass windows officials outside observed us," said my informant, who ascended to less than half Swain's unprecedented "height."

His first abnormal sensations were of his ear-drums clicking noisily.

When he tried to jot down a few notes severe pains started in his right arm and shoulder from the effort of writing.

His limbs became leaden and an attempt to stand left him gasping.

Research both in ground chambers and actual flight has since shown that slow deep breathing properly done would have increased his capacity to ascend by another 3,000 feet.

Breathing becomes so difficult and fatiguing that it takes several breaths to say one sentence that on the ground could be said in one.

You scarcely recognise your own voice, which becomes higher and more nasal in tone. You cannot whistle as the air is so thin.

A cold in the head is dangerous.

Eight miles up you find it hard to breathe even with your oxygen mask.

If your oxygen supply failed you would be helpless after three or four breaths of the surrounding thin air, unconscious after six to ten, and dead in about a minute and a half—the reserve of oxygen in your blood being enough to keep you alive only for that time.

Like Being Drunk

Frequently such accidents have occurred over the European battlefields, to the surprise of others of the crew when they have reached their home base.

Chief danger of altitude sickness, or oxygen want or lack as it is variously called, is that the sensations are similar to the elation of drunkenness.

This peril is best illustrated by the air-gunner who so forgot himself in combat at great height that he climbed into his hatch and waved excitedly to his opponent—with no knowledge of doing it.

I have seen the handwriting of airmen asked to write their names, simple phrases and figures while in a pressure chamber. It varied violently. Much of it was unreadable scrawl.

They refused to believe their eyes when they saw it, saying they were ignorant of having behaved abnormally.

Another menace to high flyers is aero-embolism, caused by the forming of nitrogen bubbles in the blood.

A third enemy is cold. **Eight miles up there is 88.5 deg. of frost.**

It would be unbearable for long and would seriously reduce a flyer's efficiency but for the enormous strides made in warming him by electrically-heated suits or other devices.

His diet is important.

Squadron Leader Swain's beans are only one of the gas-forming foods to avoid, which, when in high altitudes, cause severe discomfort in the digestive tract. Peas and cabbage are others. So are fats.

The R.A.F. owes much to the tremendous part America is playing in this battle of eight miles up.

In the Boeing ground strato-chamber air crews are being trained up to 40,000 feet—two miles above the altitude at which the world's highest-flying bomber, the Fortress, is known to operate.

Free Movement

The problem now is to encase the flyer in an improved pressure suit giving him freer movement to fight, or to give him the still greater but more vulnerable freedom of a pressure-cabin built into his aeroplane.

Colonel H. G. Armstrong, the U.S. Army's aeromedical research authority, says both the R.A.F. and the Luftwaffe favour the suit so far, but generally agree that the cabin is the final solution.

The fight is to save the flyer if his suit or cabin is holed by enemy fire, letting in the deadly thin air that will reduce the oxygen pressure keeping him alive.

Should combat or accident force him to bale out two devices come to his aid.

When he jumps he can use an emergency mask connected to a small bottle of oxygen in a zipper pocket in his kit. Or, without oxygen, he can fall free before opening his parachute till he descends to 15,000 feet, where normal breathing is safe.

A free drop reduces the time he will spend passing through dangerous thin air. He will fall 25,000 feet in just over a minute, a supreme test of nerve and mind control, but one that these supermen can perform without difficulty.

The Man Counts

Selection of super personnel is playing as big a part in the strato-conquest as is evolving suits and cabins. Here man, more than anywhere else, is as important as the machine.

He will fight and bomb from 40,000 feet, and fly faster than any aeroplane is yet known to carry him.

Higher and higher and with growing accuracy anti-aircraft fire claws up after him.

Guns on both sides send shells to over 40,000 feet. New German batteries are claimed effective at 35,000. At dizzy heights Britain's secret new gun is worrying the Luftwaffe.

Time is short to fly to safety those eight miles up. But with all their colossal combined resources the United Nations are confident of getting their supermen and machines there first!

—AND WHOLE ARMIES COME BY AIR

WHO is this Henry J. Kaiser?

You'll have heard how he has persuaded the U.S. War Production Board to let him build 500 mammoth flying-boats to beat the U-boat menace.

You'll have read his statement that 5,000 of these aircraft could bring half a million American troops to Britain in one day.

★ ★ ★

And Henry Kaiser has stated that he can produce these ships of the sky at the rate of 5,000 a year.

How does he do it?

Mainly by banishing the word "impossible" from his vocabulary.

If Henry Kaiser is held up for raw materials he doesn't waste time cursing the shortage or the lack of transport.

He goes after the raw materials himself.

If he wants to build a factory and can't get the cement, he'll send out prospectors to find the raw material of cement, erect a plant on the spot, quarry, blast, grind and mix the cement, and convey it to his factory site ready for use.

One of his first achievements in this war was to cut the construction time of American "Liberty" freighters from 194 days to 46 days—yet this whirlwind go-getter, when war began, had never seen a ship launched!

Barely had the Glenn-Martin 70-ton flying-boat "Mars" completed its trial flight over Chesapeake Bay when Henry Kaiser realised its possibilities.

The biggest aircraft of its type in the world, its range is immense.

Its four 2,000-h.p. engines, driving three-bladed propellers 17 ft. 6 in. across, give it a speed of more than 300 m.p.h.

It can transport 150 troops and their equipment, or 20 tons of cargo, from America to Europe and back non-stop.

Not only could 5,000 of these flying-boats land 500,000 men in Britain in one day, Kaiser realised, but could follow up with 75,000 tons of food, equipment and munitions on another day.

Fifteen of them could transport as much cargo from America to Europe in a year as could one average merchantman.

Thus, he argued, all you had to do was to produce enough of them and you would achieve the double purpose of beating the U-boat *and* releasing convoy-bound warships for offensive action in other theatres of the war.

Faced by the immense problems of mass-producing aircraft of this type, most men would have hedged.

Not so Henry J. Kaiser.

He went to Washington with a cut-and-dried plan to convert his shipyards for the purpose.

In less than a fortnight he had persuaded the U.S. War Production Board to approve the construction of 500 "Mars" flying-boats, the first hundred of which have been ordered by the Navy Department.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Kaiser says he'll have these giants taking wing from his converted shipyards next Spring.

Meanwhile, he has set the production experts by the ears with a further and even more startling proposal.

Let us, he says, build a fleet of 200-ton twin-hulled flying-boats capable of hauling 100-ton loads.

It sounds Wellsian, doesn't it?

But if I know anything about Henry J. Kaiser, he'll be building his 200-ton leviathans before very long.

AUGUST 29, 1942

4th YEAR: WHAT'S THE OUTLOOK?

Perils—some of them incalculable. That's one grim fact from which our eyes must not be deflected even though the foundations of victory have been laid. The stiffest parts of the job have yet to be faced

By A. G. GARDINER

Mr. Churchill is looking across the desert during his recent visit to the Egyptian front. What can he see on the horizon of the 4th year?

IT will be three years next Thursday since Mr. Chamberlain made his fateful announcement that we were once more at war with Germany. The hopes and fears and agonies of that Sunday morning are burned unforgettably in our memories.

What has been the comment of events upon them? How does the balance-sheet look three years after?

No war goes according to plan. When Suvarov was asked for his plan of campaign he replied, "I begin by crossing the Adda. I end where God wills."

So to-day. Hitler's plan of campaign was the *blitzkrieg*. It was timed to wind up victoriously in London in September, 1940. In August, 1942, his mighty war machine is locked in a life-and-death grapple on the plains of Russia. The *blitzkrieg* plan is dead. It can never be revived—by Hitler.

* * *

That is the first comment of events. It does not mean that Hitler has lost the war. It does mean that he has lost the war which he planned. It does mean that at the end of three years he is engaged in a war which he did not foresee.

It means more. He has lost the advantages with which he started—surprise, terror, overwhelming might, a world unprepared, caught in its sleep. To be butchered before it could wake and snatch at its arms. *These advantages are gone. They can never be recovered.*

THIS IS MUCH. BUT DO NOT LET US UNDERESTIMATE THE PERIL THAT STILL ENVELOPES US—THE POWER AND DESPERATION OF THE ENEMY, THE VASTNESS OF HIS ACHIEVEMENTS, THE INCALCULABLE FORTUNES OF WAR.

It is true that Hitler's calculations three years ago have all gone wrong. But ours have been only less wide of the mark.

Who could have conceived on that September day the map of Europe as it is now?

A whole continent conquered. Hitler master of Europe beyond the dreams of Napoleon.

The swastika flying over every capital city from Oslo to Athens, from Paris to Prague. France swept aside like a thing of matchwood.

The whole littoral of the Continent in German hands. Save for Gibraltar, not a port from Narvik to Navarino where a British ship could safely anchor. Every nation in Europe under the terror of the Gestapo. Hitler's armies penetrating the Caucasus to Asia on the one side and threatening the Delta of the Nile on the other.

Added to all this, Hitler's ally in possession of the Pacific from the Aleutians to the Dutch East Indies.

If on that September Sunday we could have had a vision of Europe and the world as it is to-day we should have felt that our cause was lost and that the doom of the world was sealed, in Hitler's phrase, "for a thousand years."

* * *

But in the presence of the realised facts we feel nothing of the sort. And this not because we are blind to the gravity of the facts or take refuge in the illusions of "wishful thinking." We have had too many shocks during these three years for that, and we know that there are shocks still to come.

But we know also that that terrific superstructure of empire that Hitler has run up with such headlong speed is jerry-built and cannot last. It is the most spectacular achievement in human history, but it is built on sand and is rotten at the core.

It will go more swifty than it came. The tempest that assembled it has passed its peak and will die down. The tempest that will sweep it away is still gathering momentum for the final overthrow.

Take a comparison. In the summer of 1940 when the *blitzkrieg* was at its height, the appearances and the realities of the war alike favoured Hitler. They favoured him so decisively that the world, even the friendly world of America, gave us up for lost.

* * *

We were alone and so visibly doomed that aid was futile. And aid came neither from east nor west. We could no more be saved from extinction than the sun from setting. A helping hand was useless. Better let us go down and make what terms were possible with the conqueror.

Is that a true picture of the summer of 1940? All the world knows that it is. Hitler knows it is. Our allies of to-day know it is.

Is it a true picture now? All the world, enemy and friend alike, knows it is not. The appearances of the war are perhaps still with Hitler.

He towers over the Continent like a triumphant Satan. The peoples lie crushed at his feet. His murder gang fills every land with the death rattle of his victims and the terror of his name.

BUT THE REALITIES OF THE WAR, THE SEEN AND UNSEEN FORCES THAT WILL DECIDE THE ISSUE, ARE WITH HIM NO LONGER. THEY WILL NEVER BE WITH HIM AGAIN. THEY ARE MARSHALLED BEHIND HIS FOES. THEY WILL GATHER POWER AND MOMENTUM AS HIS POWER AND MOMENTUM WANE. HE IS FOR THE DARK. WE ARE FOR THE MORNING.

* * *

What are the seen and unseen realities? They are both moral and material.

Take the moral realities first. "The greatest of all truths," says Carlyle, "is that a lie cannot endure for ever." And Hitlerism is the most monstrous lie that has ever insulted and outraged the world.

No one who believes in the moral governance of the universe—and without that belief what is this life but a hideous jest?—can doubt that that lie will be ground to dust. It triumphed while it seemed invincible. It will perish at the first breath of failure.

For it has no faith behind it—not even in Germany. It is founded on hate, cruelty, violence and all the evil passions of men. It will die of its own poison.

And connected with this moral reality is the contrast in the spirit of the peoples waging this war. On our side it is a People's War as no war in history has ever been. It is a sanctified war. It appeals to the noblest passions of men. It is a flame in the souls of the nations—British, American, Russian, Chinese—that nothing can quench.

But every authentic voice that has come out of Germany since last year—Shirer, Howard K. Smith, Flannery—all give the same picture.

It is the picture of a people under the shadow of Fear—fear from within, fear from without. A people that has ceased to believe the Lie that has brought it to the brink of ruin, and now cowers between the lash of the Gestapo and the spectre of the defeat that awaits it.

And upon this spiritually panic-stricken people has descended, since the calamities of last winter, an economic decline that, in Howard Smith's phrase, is a terrifying "downward spiral." Whatever happens in Russia, Hitler's Germany is perishing there—perishing of its vain victories.

* * *

And behind the slaughtered millions that litter the plains of Russia are the flaming cities of Germany, the catastrophic breakdown of transport, the remorseless blockade, the terror of the air and the greater terror of that avalanche of production in America and Britain that will swamp Germany and lift the curse of Hitlerism from Europe for ever.

THREE YEARS OF WAR HAVE LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF VICTORY. THERE ARE STILL DANGERS AHEAD, BUT THE GREAT TIDES ARE WITH US AND THE END IS SURE.

Two Key Men in France's Destiny

COMPARATIVELY few people realise the full significance of the arrival in Britain of André Philip, the French Socialist leader, and Felix Gouin, vice-president of the Socialist Parliamentary Party.

Cast your mind back a couple of years. Remember the questions that were asked when General de Gaulle launched his movement.

* * *

"Who is he? Can he really claim to speak for the French people? Why are no distinguished politicians supporting him?"

The doubts appeared justified. At that time!

The French people, on the whole, were dazed by disaster. Leading French statesmen were either under arrest, had disappeared into obscurity—or had gone over to the side of the enemy.

But much has happened since then. The French have long awakened from their stupor. And now the Fighting French includes not only fighters, but men who are likely to become the leading statesmen of a re-born France.

Such as André Philip, the youngish, pipe-smoking, quiet-spoken university professor from Lyons, who dodged the Gestapo and reached Britain a few weeks ago.

He has made an immense impression in those few weeks.

An impression, for all his modesty, of forceful leadership.

General de Gaulle may well lead his country's gallant fighters to victory. Philip may well lead them to security and prosperity when victory is won.

When the war is over, their well-known statesmen will either be too old or too discredited to fashion a new France.

But Philip and Gouin will be young enough and active enough to make history.

Gouin is not only a Socialist leader, but was counsel to Leon Blum at the Riom trial which infuriated Hitler and marked a turning-point in the attitude of the French people as a whole.

* * *

That trial did much to whip up popular resistance both to the invader and to his French quislings. Gouin's part was unobtrusive but important. The purely military movement launched by General de Gaulle in June, 1940, has become a nation-wide movement *inside* France.

The hundreds of executed hostages, the tens of thousands of arrests, the martyrs of St. Nazaire all vouch for it.

De Gaulle's gallantry has awakened the real France.

Such political men who can rightly claim to represent the millions of patriotic Frenchmen are defying all difficulties and dangers to rally to his side in London.

* * *

In that fact is the great importance of the arrival of Philip and Gouin.

They have come here not as individuals, but as representatives of an organised though underground movement and of the biggest political party which, though disbanded, is very much alive.

They have come, after preliminary and secret negotiations with General de Gaulle and with the approval of their colleagues, as key-men in the struggle of the French working classes against their oppressors.

Their names may still be less familiar than those of Blum, Daladier, Mandel, Reynaud and Jouhaux.

But those leaders are either in jail or under close police supervision. And, to say the least, they would approve of the decision made by Philip and Gouin.

In London to-day, therefore, are the spokesmen of the new France.

'S THE OUTLOOK?

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* * *

What are the seen and unseen realities? They are both moral and material.

Take the moral realities first. "The greatest of all truths," says Carlyle, "is that a lie cannot endure for ever." And Hitlerism is the most monstrous lie that has ever insulted and outraged the world.

No one who believes in the moral governance of the universe—and without that belief what is this life but a hideous jest?—can doubt that that lie will be ground to dust. It triumphed while it seemed invincible. It will perish at the first breath of failure.

For it has no faith behind it—not even in Germany. It is founded on hate, cruelty, violence and all the evil passions of men. It will die of its own poison.

And connected with this moral reality is the contrast in the spirit of the peoples waging this war. On our side it is a People's War as no war in history has ever been. It is a sanctified war. It appeals to the noblest passions of men. It is a flame in the souls of the nations—British, American, Russian, Chinese—that nothing can quench.

But every authentic voice that has come out of Germany since last year—Shirer, Howard K. Smith, Flannery—all give the same picture.

It is the picture of a people under the shadow of Fear—fear from within, fear from without. A people that has ceased to believe the Lie that has brought it to the brink of ruin, and now cowers between the lash of the Gestapo and the spectre of the defeat that awaits it.

And upon this spiritually panic-stricken people has descended, since the calamities of last winter, an economic decline that, in Howard Smith's phrase, is a terrifying "downward spiral." Whatever happens in Russia, Hitler's Germany is perishing there—perishing of its vain victories.

* * *

And behind the slaughtered millions that litter the plains of Russia are the flaming cities of Germany, the catastrophic breakdown of transport, the remorseless blockade, the terror of the air and the greater terror of that avalanche of production in America and Britain that will swamp Germany and lift the curse of Hitlerism from Europe for ever.

THREE YEARS OF WAR HAVE LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF VICTORY. THERE ARE STILL DANGERS AHEAD, BUT THE GREAT TIDES ARE WITH US AND THE END IS SURE.

Two Key Men in France's Destiny

COMPARATIVELY few people realise the full significance of the arrival in Britain of André Philip, the French Socialist leader, and Felix Gouin, vice-president of the Socialist Parliamentary Party.

Cast your mind back a couple of years. Remember the questions that were asked when General de Gaulle launched his movement.

* * *

"Who is he? Can he really claim to speak for the French people? Why are no distinguished politicians supporting him?"

The doubts appeared justified. At that time!

The French people, on the whole, were dazed by disaster. Leading French statesmen were either under arrest, had disappeared into obscurity—or had gone over to the side of the enemy.

But much has happened since then. The French have long awakened from their stupor. And now the Fighting French includes not only fighters, but men who are likely to become the leading statesmen of a re-born France.

Such as André Philip, the youngish, pipe-smoking, quiet-spoken university professor from Lyons, who dodged the Gestapo and reached Britain a few weeks ago.

He has made an immense impression in those few weeks.

An impression, for all his modesty, of forceful leadership.

General de Gaulle may well lead his country's gallant fighters to victory. Philip may well lead them to security and prosperity when victory is won.

When the war is over, their well-known statesmen will either be too old or too discredited to fashion a new France.

But Philip and Gouin will be young enough and active enough to make history.

Gouin is not only a Socialist leader, but was counsel to Leon Blum at the Riom trial which infuriated Hitler and marked a turning-point in the attitude of the French people as a whole.

* * *

That trial did much to whip up popular resistance both to the invader and to his French quislings. Gouin's part was unobtrusive but important. The purely military movement launched by General de Gaulle in June, 1940, has become a nation-wide movement *inside* France.

The hundreds of executed hostages, the tens of thousands of arrests, the martyrs of St. Nazaire all vouch for it.

De Gaulle's gallantry has awakened the real France.

Such political men who can rightly claim to represent the millions of patriotic Frenchmen are defying all difficulties and dangers to rally to his side in London.

* * *

In that fact is the great importance of the arrival of Philip and Gouin.

They have come here not as individuals, but as representatives of an organised though underground movement and of the biggest political party which, though disbanded, is very much alive.

They have come, after preliminary and secret negotiations with General de Gaulle and with the approval of their colleagues, as key-men in the struggle of the French working classes against their oppressors.

Their names may still be less familiar than those of Blum, Daladier, Mandel, Reynaud and Jouhaux.

But those leaders are either in jail or under close police supervision. And, to say the least, they would approve of the decision made by Philip and Gouin.

In London to-day, therefore, are the spokesmen of the new France.

The arch-traitor, whose name has come to mean the vilest treason in history, doesn't look too happy as the spectacled Gestapo Chief, Himmler, looks him over contemptuously

Criminals Rally Round Quisling

KARL SVEEN, habitual criminal, convicted of murder in 1930 and released from a Norwegian prison at the end of 1941, took a first glance at the new Nazi Norway and decided that he liked it.

Conditions throughout the country reminded him of those behind prison walls, to which he had been accustomed ever since he embarked on a criminal career nearly twenty years ago.

The only difference was that he seemed to find himself soon on the side of the jailers. There were plenty of opportunities for men like Karl Sveen. Norwegian gangsters, blackmailers, cheats and drunkards were doing very well indeed.

Met in Jail

Karl Sveen knew most of them, having met them either in prison or in their hidden haunts during his short spells of freedom. Now they were all members of "Nasjonal Samling," Quisling's own Fascist Party. State and police appointments which the Nazis conferred on collaborationist Norwegians were open to them, and to them only.

It is, therefore, not surprising that it took Karl Sveen, the murderer, hardly six months to become a member of the State Police in the Norwegian town of Oesterdalen.

This criminal's progress from prison to a position in which he administers the law of the land is typical of the rule and the rulers which the Nazis have imposed on the Norwegian people.

I have in front of me a memorandum setting out in detail the careers of most of Norway's leading Quislings. It is a political document. Yet it could form the basis of an admirable series of crime stories.

Take the case of Hoff, the new Nazi county leader of Oestfold. Big white arrows painted on the walls point the way to his home. Under every one of these arrows Norwegian patriots chalked these words: To the Meat and Bacon Exchange!

There is hardly any meat or bacon in Oestfold. But the Norwegian patriots knew that while Hoff was advocating a "New Era in Norway" and thundering against "democratic corruption" he was ringleader of a vast Black Market organisation, making millions out of the misery of the people.

Quickly Hushed Up

The ring operated under Quisling police protection. When rival Quislings threatened to expose Hoff and his gangs, the Nazis saw to it that the affair was quickly hushed up. Too many of their own friends were involved. Hoff escaped conviction. But he can read the verdict of the people in the chalk signs on the walls.

But there are criminals of a different, of a bigger calibre in Quisling's Party. There is Gard Holtskog, who took advantage of the internal upheavals and the turmoil following the Nazi occupation of Norway to plunder hundreds of homes. His gang cleaned up whole streets in towns from which the population had fled.

But as the clatter of war died down and the people returned to their homes, prospects of further hauls of furniture, art treasures, jewellery, clothes and stores receded.

Holtskog was, however, not prepared to abandon his profitable racket. He secured for himself the appointment of Chief of Police in Sarpsborg.

Now he could continue his looting expeditions under the cloak of legality. As a member of the Secret Police, as a paid Nazi informer, he denounced patriotic Norwegians to the Germans, had them deported or sent to concentration camps.

Looted Homes

He requisitioned the homes which they were forced to leave behind. Hundreds of arrests were made, and Holtskog robbed every one of the victims of all his possessions.

A Swedish newspaper, describing conditions in Norway, has recently neatly summed it up in these words:

"The gangster world which formerly operated against the State, the Law and the Police, have now discovered unique opportunities to continue their activities under the cloak of politics. They have the advantage of being able to kill and to steal under the protection of the police and the law.

"As members of the State Party they are themselves part of the legislative and administrative authority. Can anything be better for a gangster? What is actually happening is that the usual gangster type is disappearing. But it reappears instead as a totalitarian politician!"

Sometimes these men, like most criminals, overreach themselves. Then even Quisling and the Nazis must interfere and try to restrain them. But such cases often take a curious turn.

A man called Eyvind Jacobson, for instance, amassed a vast fortune within a few months. A leading Quisling, he practised every sort of racket from which he could derive profits. A scandal seemed unavoidable and the Nazis threatened to remove him from his office.

Denounced Brother!

But Jacobson shifted the blame on his innocent brother, denounced him as the culprit and racketeer, calmly ordered his arrest. As "a drastic example of 'Norwegian' justice." Jacobson's brother was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Eyvind Jacobson, the real criminal, in the meantime, continues as before!

This type of Quisling is now in office everywhere in Norway. A notorious drunkard, an ex-teacher who had to be dismissed from many jobs, is now Secretary of Culture and Education in the Quisling government. His name is Strand.

Strand's new position of authority has not improved his habits. As a profitable side-line he recently sold hundreds of stolen coffee rations and got drunk on the proceeds. After a series of free fights he clashed with the police, who arrested him and imposed a short prison sentence on him.

As soon as Quisling heard of the "incident" he ordered the release of Strand. The sentence was quashed. Quisling obviously regarded Strand's behaviour quite in keeping with his own ideas of culture!

The number of lesser criminals in the ranks of Quisling's Party is legion. "Legion," indeed, is the word, because there is, of course, not room for all of them in important and profitable State positions.

So they have been enrolled into "Hird," the Norwegian Nazi storm troop legion, and given the privilege of terrorising the Norwegian population. They, too, are doing it with an eye on profits.

In Own Pockets

Norwegians are forced to give "donations" and to make "contributions to the cause." What they collect goes into their own pockets. It is done according to the good old Al Capone technique.

The whole wicked gang have the blessing of their own Quisling "bishop," a blasphemous, dangerous social outcast who once aptly summed up his own kind when he said: The Devil should be a priest, too!

Bishop Lothe—that is his name—is a devil in the guise of a priest. Only Quisling appointed him to a bishopric after he had spent his years as a vagabond, ostracised by his own friends ever since his fellow-students at a university protested against his blasphemous habits.

Yes, there are few criminals in Norway who have not secured for themselves a position of honour under Quisling. I could quote you cases of professional smugglers who are now "Frontier Guards," of thieves and burglars in charge of watchmen.

Hitler and Quisling have surely turned Norway into a gangster's paradise. But the time is not far when the Norwegian people will restore them to hell.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

SWAFFER ASKS . . .

DO WE TELL THE ENEMY TOO MUCH?

● Soon after newspapers printed stories of the big crops in East Anglia, there were attempts by German raiders to fire them.

A day after photographs appeared of holiday crowds at Weston-super-Mare, that seaside town was bombed.

And so on and so forth.

Yes, I know. But is all news to be kept secret, in case German 'planes find a new objective?

Must the fact that Waterloo Bridge is finished be banned, lest it is bombed.

Fear of what the enemy may do will not win the war.

There are crops in every county—and the Germans know it. There are war factories in every town—and camps not far outside.

Nearly all Britain is an arsenal. Anywhere where a bomb falls war effort might be impeded.

WHY NOT MORE PRAMS?

● Not even yet have we learned how to marshal our man-power or make the best use of our resources. Had we done so, there would not be a scarcity of perambulators.

They are now needed by the thousand; yet the President of the Board of Trade only promises to supply them. The material has been squandered on things not nearly as necessary.

Their price, in the shortage, has become exorbitant. Poor mothers have to carry their children, complaining, "We cannot afford a pram."

It is one of the minor scandals that cause more worry than some of the big ones.

Ministers often forget that it is the accumulation of small growls that upset morale.

DO WE OVER-BOOST OUR GENERALS?

● The eulogies of generals early in the war—Ironside and Gort, for instance—would look very silly if we turned them up to-day.

Wavell was hailed as a great military leader—and then soon replaced.

Auchinleck became "The Great Auk" for some months—and then was superseded by Alexander, now hailed as a brilliant commander in his turn.

Although I trust the latter's exploits justify the bouquets showered on him, we should remember the lesson of those early war time days.

Over-praise followed by disillusionment causes misgivings.

Haig, had he not been so boosted, would have been replaced by L. G. in 1917. As it was, he feared the result of dismissing a man whose blunders, in his "War Memoirs," he exposed.

DO JOURNALISTS MAKE GOOD M.P.s?

● There are perhaps a dozen in the House. Only three, so far, have established themselves—Garro Jones, now a junior Minister; A. P. Herbert, who got through the Divorce Law Reform Bill on his own; and Vernon Bartlett, whose contributions to debates on foreign affairs are very valuable.

Winston kept himself for some time by writing for a newspaper; but that was only one of his variegated activities.

Generally, journalists soon become restive in Parliament. Used to expressing their views in print regularly, they resent the fact that they cannot speak whenever they want to do so.

Vernon Bartlett has never suppressed the fact that a Parliamentary career disappointed him. Still, he will stay in the Commons, I expect. For he has a job to do.

WAR time conditions have brought back one of the worst social evils of the peace.

Baby-farming!

The casual adoption of children for money has once again become a flourishing business.

Why, some professional "foster-mothers" sell babies in much the same way as costers sell cherries from back-street barrows.

I actually know cases where "adoptions" have been arranged even before the child's birth!

The trouble has arisen because unmarried mothers, and the worried wives of Servicemen, are often so anxious to get rid of their babies that they hand them over to other people without inquiry—and usually part with money as well.

Much of the racket is conducted through the advertisement columns of small, local newspapers.

Miss Florence Horsbrugh played a big part in securing the Adoption of Children Act that must be put into force without further delay.

CRUEL RACKET IN WAR BABIES

There are rogues who advertise a mythical child and give its full description.

Then, when they have discovered the sort of child preferred by the people who answer the advertisement, they rush round to find a suitable boy or girl.

One woman, who has been specialising in this sort of thing for some time, recently advertised that she had a bonny, blue-eyed baby boy for adoption.

She found children for all her applicants, taking fees both from their mothers as well as from those on whom she planted them.

Under the law of to-day, she did nothing wrong.

Another woman advertiser took £10 from an unmarried mother for handing the baby over to a young couple about whom she had made no inquiries. She even had the impertinence to mention the name of a famous child welfare society as a reference.

She could quite easily have been prosecuted for obtaining money by false pretences, for the society had never heard of her, but the unmarried mother was too scared of publicity to take action.

To Strangers

Reputable welfare organisations know of "war" babies being handed over to strangers on railway stations—where sums ranging from £10 to £50 have changed hands.

There are even bogus adoption "organisations."

One so-called society, which has been flitting from one address to another and operating under a semi-religious title, turns out to be a one-man concern, and, therefore, without any staff for inquiry work.

True, it has a list of distinguished "patrons"—but they are all dead!

Indeed, disreputable adoption "societies" and "experts" are able to carry on their sordid business without any effective jurisdiction and are making money hand over fist.

Growing war time illegitimacy presents them with a rich harvest.

The fact that some married women are not averse to having their children adopted because of air raids and evacuation worries, or because of war work difficulties, helps to encourage the racket.

More than a dozen genuine welfare societies recently met in London to consider the best methods of combating "this alarming increase in Black Market adoptions."

Sir Wyndham Childs Comments

It was unanimously decided to issue a report of cases in which unpunished abuses had occurred, and to ask the Home Secretary to receive a deputation so that the whole subject could be discussed.

I hope Mr. Herbert Morrison will not only consider the matter, but take speedy and effective action.

The irony of the present situation is that just before the war, as the result of a relentless drive by police, local health officials and welfare societies, the traffic in babies was practically stamped out.

In 1939, indeed, it seemed certain that baby-farming would soon become but a memory of the shameful past.

A band of reformers headed by Miss Florence Horsbrugh, M.P. (now a junior Minister), secured the passing of an Adoption of Children Act that laid down heavy penalties for offenders.

It should have become law on January 1, 1940. But the outbreak of war caused it to be shelved.

It is still on the shelf. But if it were brought down and dusted it could be used as an effective weapon to smash the cruel racket of baby-farming.

Even if its full provisions cannot now be put into force, I am convinced that the Government should operate its two main clauses.

Must be Done

These would make it impossible for unauthorised advertisements to appear concerning child adoption, and make it an offence for any society or person to effect an adoption without an official licence.

I say that this should be done not only to smash the sordid racket of professional touts and baby-farmers, but to safeguard the interests of the unlucky children.

New Bait Dangled by the Quacks

"CURE All" experts, many of whom temporarily curtailed their operations when the Pharmacy and Medicines Act came into force last January, appear to be getting busy again.

An increasing number of small advertisements in local papers have lately offered "cures" for all kinds of ailments, and it seems that the scope of the Act, which restricts the sale of certain secret remedies, is not as wide as it might have been.

Offers of this nature, particularly in these days of stress and strain when so many people are inclined to try them out rather than follow the wiser policy of consulting a doctor, should be treated with the greatest caution.

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Analysis shows that many supposed cures, which are sold at enormous profits, possess little medicinal value. One, heralded as a big discovery, has been found to consist mostly of sugar and starch.

Another, apart from 0.001 per cent. oxide of iron, is mainly composed of milk sugar.

One reader, who sent 30s. for a tonic, received a guarantee that his money would be returned if benefit was not derived within a specified time. He says the concoction did him no good at all, but he cannot obtain a refund of his money.

His experience should be a lesson to all.

BEWARE BOGUS WHISKY AGENTS

MANAGEMENTS of hotels, restaurants, clubs, hostelries, also traders in "lines" likely to be affected, should be on their guard against a number of touring crooks who "cash in" cleverly on the acute shortage of genuine liquor supplies.

The "Hooch" revelations made recently in these columns showed how easy it was for such people to operate at present.

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Two of them, who use the names of "Dawson" and "Lester," got into conversation, as ordinary customers, with the licensee of a London establishment a few days ago and gradually turned to the question of shortage of supplies.

"Dawson," confidentially handing over a visiting card on which his name appeared with that of a famous firm of distillers, offered to supply several cases of whisky, "quietly," at certain prices.

During subsequent visits the offer was repeated, and, though the licensee in this case had no account with the firm, the men said they could make the necessary arrangements, and deliver the goods by one of the firm's vans.

After the licensee had handed over a substantial sum the men vanished, and inquiries from the distillers reveal that its name has been repeatedly used without authorisation.

Scotland Yard has received many complaints about similar frauds perpetrated by these and other men who are obtaining substantial sums of money in different parts of the country.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. M. Kirkbride, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks, receives this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Please write to me about anything needing inquiry. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MAKES A NICE CHANGE

"John Bull" Short Story by Will Scott

"And hating the people and being hated by them and never having anybody to speak to. Day after day, over and over again."

SNOOTH lived in Surrey, in the thriving suburb of Hardware Heath. And he hated it. And so did Mrs. Snooth.

They had a little semi-detached house, which they called "Alfy-Kate." They hated that. They had liked it at first, but they hated it now. They hated everything about Hardware Heath.

They hated the people and the people hated them. They never spoke to the people and the people never spoke to them. The people never seemed to speak to each other, either. Everybody seemed to hate everybody else in Hardware Heath.

"It's ghastly," Mr. Snooth used to say, "ghastly."

He didn't see as much of it as Mrs. Snooth, because he went into the City every day, whereas Mrs. Snooth was there all the time. About all he saw of it was his morning walk to the station and his evening walk from the station; but that was enough.

Morning or evening he could have told you with his eyes shut just which particular horrible shop he was passing.

In the morning it was, first, the Charcoal Bread Co., then the Bestway Burials (with urn in window), then the Stepeasy Shoe Shop, the Orkney Woolleries, the Lozenge Library, Upper's Drugs (1931), Ltd., O'Haddock's the fish place, and all the rest, finishing up with Codd's Universal Stores.

In the evening the same.

Even *trees*, thought Mr. Snooth (who hated the country like poison), could be more monotonous than that.

Over and over again, day after day, year after year. . . .

And hating the people and being hated by them and never having anybody to speak to.

But there you were. Getting houses around London wasn't easy, and you'd got to live somewhere.

It was a lonely life for both of them. Mrs. Snooth looked after the house and Mr. Snooth looked after getting enough money to enable her to do so. And in the evening they would both potter about the strip of earth at the back of "Alfy-Kate" which went by the name of garden.

A lonely life. A monotonous life.

In fact, for them there at Hardware Heath, there was only one day in fourteen that seemed really bright.

This one day in fourteen was a Saturday, every other Saturday; or, rather, part of it—from about four o'clock in the afternoon until the last train went from Hardware Heath station.

Every other Saturday. When the Pings came to call on them. . . .

And then life *was* worth living! Then there was lots of talk and lots of tobacco and quite enough beer and laughter all the way.

And in the evening—oh! a grand, mellow time—the women would shut themselves in the sitting-room and talk about whatever it is women talk about when they shut themselves in the sitting-room, and the two men would go down to the end of the strip of earth at the back of "Alfy-Kate" and talk about the war and how long they reckoned it was going to last. . . .

An extra special occasion, every other Saturday. When Mr. Snooth with Mr. Ping down the garden and Mrs. Snooth with Mrs. Ping in the sitting-room could forget all about the monotony of life on other days and really let themselves go.

"Dear old pals, jolly old pals. . . ." The four of them had known each other since before they were married.

"You've no idea," Mrs. Ping used to say, "how Harold and I look forward to these little visits every other Saturday. So jolly and all that. Does you good."

"I'll say it does," agreed Mrs. Snooth. "I don't mind telling you that Percy and I don't talk of anything else for two or three days before."

"There!"

"Makes such a nice change."

"I'll declare."

And when it was nearly over they'd put on their hats and coats and walk along to the station in time to have a last one in the buffet, and then Mr. and Mrs. Snooth would stand on the platform and wave and Mr. and Mrs. Ping would hang out of the window and wave, and when the train was out of sight, Mr. Snooth would say to Mrs. Snooth "Jolly nice people!" and Mrs. Snooth would say: "They are that!"

Which was exactly what Mr. and Mrs. Ping were saying at the very same moment about Mr. and Mrs. Snooth.

YES, extra special occasions those every other Saturdays. Made life worth living. Kept you, pretty well, from doing yourself in. Lovely times.

And after them the horrible monotony of Hardware Heath seemed more horribly monotonous than ever, so that Mr. Snooth used to swear under his breath on his way to the station every morning and his way from the station every evening.

Every other Saturday. . . .

And every *other* Saturday, too.

They were wonderful times. They were times to put in your diary and look back upon and talk over and over and over.

Every *other* Saturday Mr. Snooth used to come home from the City smiling. And quickly. And as soon as lunch was over he'd dash upstairs and put on his Sunday best and get ready. And Mrs. Snooth would put on *her* Sunday best and get ready.

After which there'd be a great deal of shutting of windows and locking of doors and *making sure*. And then they'd set off, and presently turn back and make sure all over again (about doors and windows), and finally set off in earnest. Past the horrible monotony of Hardware Heath and away from it all.

They'd take the train to London Bridge, grinning all over their faces, and there they'd change to the Underground. Where Mr. Snooth, all perky, would go to the booking-office and slam down half-a-crown and demand two returns to Cardboard Park.

WHICH, as you know, is in Herts, a thriving and popular suburb.

And, as only-fairly-familiar station succeeded only-fairly-familiar station, Mr. and Mrs. Snooth's smiles would grow wider. Until, by the time they reached Cardboard Park, their grins were about as wide as human grins could very well be.

"Enjoying yourself, my dear?" Mr. Snooth would ask.

"It's lovely!" Mrs. Snooth would reply.

And away they'd go, as happy as children, down the shining new High Street of Cardboard Park.

Past the Charcoal Bread Co's place, past the Bestway Burials establishment (with urn in window), and the Orkney Woolleries and the Stepeasy Shoe Shop and the Lozenge Library and Upper's Drugs (1931), Ltd., and O'Haddock's the fish place and all the rest of them, finishing up with Codd's Universal Stores.

"Like a holiday, eh?" Mr. Snooth would say.

"*Lovely!*" Mrs. Snooth would exclaim.

Until they came at length to the gate of "Walt-Agnes," where Mr. and Mrs. Ping lived. And in they'd go.

And then was life worth living! Talk and tobacco and beer and laughter!

And in the evening—confidences. The women talking their hardest in the sitting-room and the men with pipes on walking up and down the strip of earth that was known as a garden at the back of "Walt-Agnes." Talking about the war and how long they reckoned it was going to last. . . .

"You've no idea," Mr. Snooth would tell Mr. Ping on these mellow evenings, "how the missus and I look forward to these little visits every other Saturday."

And Mr. Ping would say: "Ah!"

"It makes," Mr. Snooth would add, puffing at his pipe and looking round Mr. Ping's little garden, "it makes such a nice change, old man."

OPTIMIST OR PESSIMIST?

I DON'T know whether my friend Blank is an optimist or a pessimist.

The other day we found ourselves in the middle of a discussion as to the probable length of the war.

One said it might last another year. Another thought two years. Yet another could not see any end to it under three years at the least.

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"No need to be gloomy for the sake of it," we told that one.

Then Blank chipped in.

"Supposing it lasts for ever," he said.

We treated him to a variety of glances—shocked, icy, scoffing; every kind of glance but a cheerful glance.

"For ever?" we said.

"Yes," said Blank.

We told him not to be an idiot.

"But I'm not," Blank protested. "Who told you that this war would last only three or four years? Is there some agreement to that effect, signed and stamped at Somerset House? It doesn't *have* to finish in a year or two, just because we *want* it to. There was once a war lasted for thirty years, as you know. There was another lasted for a hundred years. Well, then."

We told him that the idea was ridiculous.

"Why?" asked Blank.

Because, we said, mankind would simply wear out if it kept on at the present rate.

"Nothing of the kind," said Blank. "Each side has got the means to make the materials. Each side, so far as we can see, has got enough food to keep going. Nothing else is required. You just go on and on."

We insisted that the human spirit would revolt against life lived in front of such a background. But Blank wouldn't have this at all.

"Did Londoners revolt against the Great Plague?" he asked. "Did they give in when the death carts were taking away corpses at the rate of 600 a week per one churchyard? No. They just kept on.

"Do islanders desert their island for ever when a volcano wipes out three-quarters of their people and all their homes? No. They just keep on.

"Earthquakes, pestilence, floods—human life keeps on in face of them all, and always has done and always will. If you read your history again you'll find that the background of human life has always been calamity. But human life keeps on."

To which, for a minute or two, we didn't know what to say.

"It might not be *fun* for us if the war lasted for ever," said Blank. "The Plague wasn't *fun* for the Londoners. The Hundred Years War can't have been fun for the people who stuck it. But they stuck it. So should we."

We thought at the time that his breakfast had disagreed with him. But now I'm not sure.

★ ★ ★

Is he a pessimist for suggesting the war could last for ever? Or an optimist for thinking that if it did we could see it through?

Perhaps both. Like most of us.

But one thing we're all agreed upon. The more we put our backs into the job of winning the war the sooner we can finish it!

A. G.

Human Machine

A BIG THING

If you were asked to define "perseverance" you would probably say something about it being the ability to "stick it." You would only be partly right. It's a much bigger thing than that.

The fact is that much of what passes for perseverance is just stupid obstinacy. There's no great merit in forcing your way through a quick-set hedge head-first, to arrive on the other side torn and exhausted and fit for nothing. Any pig-headed idiot could do that, if he had a certain amount of courage and a complete lack of imagination!

Perseverance, in other words, must be intelligent as well as courageous.

Having got an aim in view, you must then be able to create and sustain enough energy to pursue it. It may take a long time.

It will certainly need enthusiasm, force of character, complete indifference to the sneers and doubts of others, complete self-reliance and self-possession.

If you were to make a list of the men and women who have most powerfully influenced the world, you would not have a glittering array of genius; but you would find a massive display of strong convictions, irresistible energy, invincible determination, unflinching courage — particularly moral courage. You would find, in fact, perseverance.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

TRUST the British Serviceman to make the best of things—even if the "things" are enemy prison camps, Stalags in Germany.

All the following letters have been sent home by captured Britons. They should comfort and reassure thousands of families, though, no doubt, there are still some camps where conditions are not so satisfactory as these cheery messages describe

The first tells of life at Stalag XXI as seen by a Tommy captured in June, 1940, at the age of nineteen. He writes to his mother, Mrs. Morris, of Bell House Road, Sheffield 5:

Work on the farm is not too bad, and I have made friends with a dog who often spends the day with me. I take him swimming and let him go after hares and wild duck, but I don't think he likes killing, because he never catches anything.

We are having a real "Continental vacation" just now. On Sunday we caught a 7½-lb. pike in the river, and it was very tasty.

The weather is glorious, and the hills in the distance bring back memories of dear old Derbyshire.

Please don't send any more parcels as I have enough stuff to last me for two wars!

This week we have been issued with new uniforms, so we are all looking very smart—if not debonair.

I look like having to be a footballer again soon as some of our lads in another village near by have challenged us. It will be a real Cup-tie game, so we have gone into strict training.

My foster-mother in the village says she knows how you felt when I left home, and she'll miss me very much when I leave. But don't get jealous.

The dog wags his kind regards to you.

EXTRA PARCEL

Some of the letters from prisoners-of-war are held up by various delays. Here is a belated letter from Cliff Dixon to his wife at Coburg Street, Pontefract:

Our Christmas party was great fun. The Red Cross gave us an extra Christmas parcel which pleased everybody.

For dinner we had stuffed roast pork, fried spuds and green peas. Then plum pudding, jellies and custard, rounded off with coffee and chocolate biscuits.

We had a good concert after dinner and beer was handed round in the interval, while we all received one hundred cigarettes each. So you can imagine that there were no complaints.

Don't worry, Honey, we are doing all right here. God bless you all!

THE BLOW-HARDS

To his mother at Croft Terrace, Egremont, Cumberland, Joe McLean writes from Stalag XXB:

We had a great party which began with a concert at which I performed as "Leading Lady."

Our mouth-organ band might not impress Sir Henry Wood or Sir Thomas Beecham, but can our boys play! We call them the "Blow-Hards."

All our costumes were made from scraps and pieces—all very fetching.

The show was a great success, and we shall probably give a repeat performance by special request.

NOTHING THROWN

Here is a letter from Rifleman R. V. Portway, Stalag XX12, to his mother and sister at Menfield Road, Putney, London:

Well, now for the big surprise! I appeared at a concert last night in full evening dress (borrowed, of course). My act consisted of singing and tap-dancing: judging by the applause, I must have been in good form.

Besides, nothing was thrown at me.

I have to admit that my dancing is not quite up to the standard of Fred Astaire, but I haven't been at it so long.

Glad to hear that you like your jobs, but when I come home you will have no need to work again. Hope that will be soon; meanwhile, don't worry, I'm having a good time.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length — and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

RED CROSS LUXURIES

Trooper J. G. Davies, a prisoner at Stalag XVIIIA, sends home to his father and mother at Railway Terrace, Ynyshir, Rhondda Valley, a snapshot of himself and friends:

I am writing this on my twenty-second birthday, and enclose a snapshot for you to see if I have changed much.

In case you don't pick me out easily in the group, I'm the good-looking young fellow in the centre of the back row.

Out of the ten of us, four are New Zealanders. We are all the best of pals.

The parcels are coming through very well, but a few of the lads seem unlucky. We are having a sweepstake at a "mark" a time on who gets a parcel first.

We had a game of Rugby last week, and it was a great "do." These New Zealanders know how to play, almost as good as the Welsh!

Work suffered for a few days because we were so stiff as the result of the game, but we have now recovered.

All the boys here are well and happy and talk of the day when we shall be home again.

I think the Red Cross parcels have a great deal to do with keeping us cheerful. They are very good and contain, among other things, those little luxuries that make all the difference.

TRAVEL BY SLEIGH

Also from Stalag XXB comes this letter written by Charles Fox to his mother and father at Walker Dene, Newcastle-on-Tyne:

I am still getting along champion, and I hope you at home are as fit as I am.

To-day a hundred of us went to a little German church on the hillside, and it reminded me of Sunday at home.

In one of your letters you remark how hard it was for me to get up at 8.15 a.m. Well, you'll be surprised to know that I get up at 6 a.m. now—and like it.

How do you feel with all your teeth out, pa? Mother can save your crusts until I come home; I can eat anything now.

I've been to the dentist myself twice this week to have a tooth filled (more or less painlessly), and travelled in a vehicle like a horse-drawn sleigh, complete with bells. I would have sung "Jingle bells," but for my teeth.

People here are very kind to us and we are not wanting for food.

DID IT MELT!

Bill Watkins, at Stalag XXB, tells of cooking in a letter to relatives at Leominster, Herefordshire:

Yesterday my pal and I made a cake from some of the contents of a Red Cross parcel, and I put the icing on to make it look like a birthday cake.

It may not be quite the same as mother makes, but I'll let you know later how it tasted.

LINKS WITH HOME

Captured by the enemy in Greece, Driver Rowland Hill, who is now a prisoner at Stalag XVIII, writes to his mother at Highfield Road, Widnes, Lancs:

I had a letter yesterday from Agnes with a photo of the kiddies. If you have any photos of the rest of the family, please send them, because they form a very strong link with people at home.

The weather is fine now, and it is a pleasure to be out.

The job we are on now is making a road down the mountain-side, and at present we are working about three miles from the camp. This means a lovely walk twice a day to and from work.

The bosses are quite good to us, and you can't call the work hard. It is very rarely that we work after 3 p.m.

My mate, Tubby, has just come in to remind me that it is my turn to make the custard this week. He is providing the prunes, so our "sweets" on Sunday are going to be good.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

YESTERDAY'S paper handed over in exchange for to-day's; an old razor blade returned when a new one is bought; an old tyre surrendered on purchase of a new one—this system rigidly enforced would solve many of our difficulties.—W. Corah, Drybrook, Coalville.

★ ★ ★

At the start of the war all signposts were removed or painted out. Yet picture postcards are still on sale portraying the signposts with directions and distances.—H. Holmes, Buxton.

★ ★ ★

Why should trains running from London to Aberdeen, packed with troops, be without canteens or buffet-cars, when the Cornish Riviera express has dining-cars for luncheons and teas? — C. D. Robinson, Cochrane Park Avenue, Newcastle.

★ ★ ★

Front gardens, public parks and golf courses have been dug up in the "Dig for Victory" campaign, yet a seventy-acre private park near here is overrun with ferns, weeds and rabbits. Tons of food could be grown on this estate.—"Dig," Dorset.

★ ★ ★

Early in 1940 the Air Ministry took over a school near an aerodrome. Since then, five days a week, five double-deck buses must travel twenty-four miles a day to take children to and from school—and we are told to save petrol!—"North Country."

★ ★ ★

A bunch of carrots cannot be bought from a farmer by a wholesaler to pass on to a retailer unless twenty-three forms are filled in. Who says we must save paper?—J. P., Torr Road, Penge, S.E.

★ ★ ★

When gathering mushrooms this autumn take care to avoid the "Death Cap," which you may mistake for button mushrooms. Its gills are always white or greenish. Ninety per cent. of mushroom poisoning is due to "Death Cap."—C. Webster, Jeremy's Farm, Higham.

The miser runs added risks of suffering for his folly in these days

WHAT IF YOU WERE LEFT SOME MONEY

By HUMANIST

A READER asks what I should do if I inherited an unexpected legacy. No details: just the plain question in one short sentence. In peace time the answer would be easy: Travel round the world, buy a good car, get a television set, and a dozen other things I should enjoy. All are ruled out in war time.

"My friend," *writes another reader,* "has recently confided to me that in the wardrobe of her bedroom she has £500 and is adding to it every week. I have pointed out how silly she is. The notes are wrapped only in paper, so it would stand no chance if incendiaries fell on the house.

"I have told her that some one may break in one day, but she said that no one knew about it except me. This last remark has made me very uneasy, and I hardly feel like going into her house again.

"Can you advise me how I can make her understand the wrong she is doing by keeping a sum like this lying idle? I wonder if there are other people behaving so foolishly these tragic days?"

The answer to the last question is that there are quite a number, especially in country places. People with miserly instincts like to see and handle their hoards.

BUT the next letter comes from a large town.

"Please help me to make a decision," *says this reader.* "I have saved a little money and it is lying in a box. I have a feeling that I ought to put it in the bank, but I hate the thought of parting with it. I want to keep it for the proverbial rainy day. There is a feeling of security in having it actually in my possession instead of being in a

HE DID THE JOB!

When Commandos struck at Vaagso in Norway last year it fell to a young private to tackle one of the first and most dangerous objectives—the firing of a fish-oil refinery in the harbour.

A cameraman snapped the blaze at its height, and it is one of the most impressive pictures at the Exhibition of War Photographs at Dorland Hall, Regent Street, London, S.W.

The other day a soldier, with a broad grin on his face, stood before the picture. It was the young private who had done the job!

Organised by "Illustrated" in aid of the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund, the exhibition is open daily, Sundays included, from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., admission 1s.

building far away, and only to be got at by filling in a form.

"I dare not tell you the exact amount, but it runs into three figures. The place might be bombed, I know, but it is hardly likely now as we have escaped so far. If I invest in saving certificates and I happen to need the money quickly, I should have to go through all sorts of formalities before I could get it and I don't know much about these things.

"I only know I like to have my money near me just as some old people in the country like to keep their savings tucked away in a teapot or in an old stocking. Do you think I ought to put it in the bank or keep it a little longer?"

Most certainly the reader ought to get it out of the house as quickly as possible. The idea that it is safe at home is quite an illusion. There are enemy bombs; there are burglars; there are thieves. The existence of such a hoard is a temptation to crime. Many people would live in constant fear if they kept so much money in the house.

Let the reader buy savings certificates. It is easy enough to cash a few in a time of emergency. Or let her put it in the post-office savings bank. Any sum from 5s. to £500 may be deposited in any calendar year, and it will increase steadily by compound interest. One can draw £3 on demand and larger sums within a few days.

Apart from these two advantages—security and added interest—there is the even greater satisfaction of knowing that the money is helping to win the war. Money lying idle does nothing except to incite the criminal to help himself.

How can one explain to these two people (and scores of others like them) how stupid their behaviour is? They might read the New Testament, particularly the parable of the talents. They might also read the story of "Silas Marner," by George Eliot, and find the moral for themselves. Or Arnold Bennett's "Riceyman Steps"—a fine study of avarice at its worst.

But the real trouble is that they are scared of having to fill in forms! Yet the forms are no more difficult than cashing a postal order.

THEN a young wife is bitter about another aspect of money.

"The Bible says that money is the root of all evil," *she writes*, "and it certainly is so in my experience. I have not been married long, but the only troubles we have had have all been about money.

"Don't you think there should be a common purse and no questions asked? Half the young wives I know have the same everlasting problem."

In theory a common purse is admirable, but in practice it rarely works well. When the one is inclined to spend more freely than the other there is always a feeling of not playing fair.

In my opinion a housewife should have an agreed weekly sum for household expenses. She should also have a regular "allowance" for her own use.

Without such an allowance a wife cannot give her husband a present except by asking for the money, but a Christmas gift bought from her own money would be a real present and would be appreciated accordingly.

By the way, the Bible does not say that money is the root of all evil. What St. Paul did say was that the love of money is the root of all evil. Money itself is good as most of us know. But it is possible to have too much of any good thing.

IF YOU ARE QUOTED

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

FACTORY BATTLEFRONT—II

How Skill Saved the Girls' Beauty

★ *Here's another fascinating article about the side of war factory work of which we have heard very little—and the story of how "Yellow Peril" has been conquered*

OUTSIDE Britain's war factories you can have no idea how skilled scientists as well as a nation-wide team of doctors and welfare workers are striving to overcome medical difficulties and what are called "occupational diseases." Of them all, the one we feared most, and now overcome, was the "yellow peril."

Sir David Munro, Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Supply, is the doctor who controls the health of ordnance factory workers. He and his men have made hundreds of experiments before finding the preparation which prevents the yellow explosive powders from tingeing the faces of the girls with the dangerous jobs.

Non-stop Treatment

Beauty is woman's dearest possession, Sir David believes, and he is helping these girls keep it, and so the doctors and the scientists work non-stop testing beauty and protective treatments.

This Government Department thinks and works all the time to give good looks to girls, who would be miserable without them. We have a great human problem.

At one of Britain's biggest ordnance factories tens of thousands of girls do jobs which, in the last war, turned their complexion yellow.

There is none of it now.

In 999 cases of every 1,000 the girls on the "yellow job," who put explosives into big and small bombs and into detonator caps, have beautifully made-up faces.

The Government has the cosmetics made specially for them, and supplies them free to every girl.

In the explosives workshops we have beauty parlours and luxury ablution rooms.

When these "yellow-job" girls arrive on duty they first take off all silk or artificial silk garments, underwear and stockings, and change into cream-coloured flannel suits of good quality. Then they go to a table laid out with glass bowls of face powder, jars of face-cream and bottles of beautifying skin lotion.

An inspector stands by to see that all the girls make up their faces and cover their hair with white dust sheets.

But just as much trouble is taken if it is something that is worrying merely one worker.

Like the girl who reported sick after spending a long day at a giant steel milling machine.

Everything But . . .

The matron had this girl under observation for a week or more, and privately guessed there was something wrong.

Now she had come to us for a consultation—and secretly I knew it wasn't going to be easy.

T.B.? No, I suspected that her frailty and general debility were the result of years of malnutrition.

How were we to tell? Our clinic is equipped with everything to cope with from a cut finger to an urgent case of appendicetomy—but we hadn't the one thing needed to test this girl's lungs.

So I 'phoned the M.T. department, and within ten minutes all three of us were in a lorry driving through the night to the home of a specialist friend of mine—a world-famous X-ray man, who charges his fifty guineas to wealthy patients, but who is a Good Samaritan to war workers.

After a rapid diagnosis, the girl was sent behind a screen to undress and don a white overall, the only peculiarity of which is that it has only linen tapes and no metal buttons, because metal is opaque to X-rays.

She stood on a platform in the middle of a pair of black cabinets.

In the background a generator started humming, and there was the apple-green glow of an X-ray tube. Now for it. . . .

"Stand up like a film star and smile for us," said the specialist. "We're going to run a movie camera for a couple of minutes."

And at the touch of a switch a miracle of science was started. The girl on the raised platform breathed in air heavily laden with a pleasant-smelling oil, almost tasteless.

The X-ray tube shining through her body and lungs photographed on a movie film the opaque outline of the lungs filled with the oil vapour.

"I'll work on this late to-night," volunteered the specialist.

It was tank-developed, dried electrically, and before midnight I was sitting in his laboratory watching the strangest cinema show in the world—on the screen a "movie" of the girl's lungs in action!

One on Jules Verne

We could even stop the film at any point and take measurements from the screen. Thank God it was no more serious than I thought. The girl kept on with her war job, and I could finish the treatment.

Filmed by an X-ray camera! Even Jules Verne never thought of that one!

"A good job you went to the M.O. in time," said the matron next morning.

"Aye, and I very nearly didn't," said the girl. "I was that shy as it was trouble wi' me chest. . . ."

War factory girls have no need to be shy Now that 130 women doctors, headed by a lieutenant-colonel at the War Office, are looking after the health of the A.T.S., a total of nearly 1,500 women doctors under thirty have been allowed to work in "E.W.O." war factories to care for workers on vital jobs.

BY A DOCTOR

One or two girls whom we have been able to release from non-essential work for the Services have volunteered instead to become student nurses.

So far I've spoken chiefly of our girl workers. Next week I'll have a little more to say about the men.

Meanwhile, here's a curtain-raiser:

I saw a new face in the works the other day, and questioned the man about his job.

And the Men

"Oh, I used to be a tea-taster," he replied.

"Don't get much of that sort of work now," I ventured.

"Oh, yes, I'm tea-taster in the works canteen," he replied in all apparent seriousness. "I test the stuff in the urns, and if I can taste any tea they put more water in!"

They can joke, these boys. When he really told me the truth about his job on the war factory battlefront I was staggered to learn that this ex-tea-taster is now a skilled panel-beater and metal-worker, beating out aero-engine cowlings!

NEXT WEEK: Secrets told in Factory Surgery.

Girls who did this job in the last war risked the ruin of their complexions

IMPATIENCE

IMPATIENCE is a petty fretful thing; it has no shape of greatness in its scope; it is at best Impulse recklessly explored, at worst it cuts across both Faith and Hope. It is a short, sharp vomit of the mind, relieved but briefly by that which it expels; it is the byroads trod by fools, which lead to Satan's countless little Hells.

DON'T DESPISE THE LITTLE THINGS

ALMOST everyone has heard the saying: "Oh, don't bother about that; it's only a trifle!"

But if it is applied to the salvage of paper it *is* worth bothering about.

It is an utter misconception to imagine that odd scraps of waste paper have no value and are not worth the trouble of storing up for collection. Every little bit is needed and needed badly.

'Bus tickets, small receipt slips, halves of cinema checks, cloakroom vouchers, odd fragments of any kind of paper; in fact, so long as it is not greasy.

★ ★ ★

As an example of how these little scraps would mount up if systematically saved a few statistics are of interest.

At least 20,000,000 cinema tickets are issued every week. If cinemagoers would make a habit of saving their portion the total amount of paper gained would provide 3,000 Red Cross Boxes for prisoners of war every week.

The post offices issue 42,000,000 stamp books a year. They are vest-pocket size and may seem hardly worth saving. Yet they would yield, in the aggregate, thirty tons of paper for the war effort.

★ ★ ★

Bear these points in mind next time you feel tempted to leave some odd fragments of paper ungleaned.

And write to us if you notice any evidence of waste. Though we cannot enter into correspondence with readers, we will see that their letters reach the proper authorities.

Better still, offer your services to your local council as a Salvage Steward for your own street. It is vital and valuable work.

BRAKE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

A simple backward pressure with the foot will stop you SAFELY in a second.

With a PERRY COASTER HUB you'll ride EASILY . . . with both hands free for steering or signalling. No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY

OF CHAIN FAME

COASTER HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

for natural pedalling

Lives saved by cupboard hunting

Rubber for airmen's dinghies, rubber for surgeons' gloves, rubber for gas-masks.....there are thousands of life-saving jobs for rubber *and you've got the rubber!*

What do I do...?

Now, to-night, I hunt through the cupboards and drawers in my home. I find that rubber hot water bottle suspected of leaking, rubber washers, old suspender belts, broken rubber toys. And then I put them out for the salvage people to collect because if I and twenty million others do it *now*, it will produce mountains of rubber to help replace what we have lost.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

LAST LAUGH

J. A. (Chipping Norton). — "Before writing a book on tigers I spent a year studying them in their native haunts." It must have been difficult jotting down notes while sprinting through the jungle with a couple of them looking over your shoulder.

M. B. (Gillingham).—"American soldiers in this country are being taught to play cricket." Is this wise? Look how Australia picked it up.

A. C. (Ilkeston).—"My wife has made me a waistcoat out of an old billiard table cloth." No doubt you find the original pockets very handy for small parcels when you go shopping.

H. S. (Letchworth).—"I saw the neighbour's new baby the other day. Her other children are very pretty but this one is definitely plain." This year's utility model.

T. G. (Ulverston).—"To prevent spectacles steaming when entering a warm room, I find it is a good idea to walk in backwards." We should like to see you doing this in a revolving door.

Mrs. O. (Farnborough). — "I shan't give my husband any more letters to post because he just puts them in his pocket and forgets all about them." Can't you make an exception when you write to us again?

R. I. (Heathfield).—"Shortage of wool is said to be worrying the Nazi authorities." They realise that there *must* be enough in the country to pull over the eyes of the people.

R. L. (Sheringham).—"My wife juggles very successfully with the rations." Doesn't she take a risk in keeping the monthly allowance of eggs in the air all at once?

F. R. (Portsmouth).—"During the first air raid I was ever in I spent a restless night on the billiard table in the basement of an hotel." You should have removed the snooker set.

O. V. (Tewkesbury).—"A German claims to have invented a way of producing artificial rain." It would be advisable for him to have a good alibi if showers occur when the Fuehrer makes a speech in the open air.

Mrs. A. (Chippenham).—"I presented my husband with the bill after my face had been lifted." And his fell?

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Say, I guess you'd better beat it from there, brother. That's unless you're somethin' we're shippin' to Russia."

Side-Slips

TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS :—"... was seen leaving the factory carrying a paper carrier and a handbag which contained a CURRENT PASTY weighing 2 lb. 4 oz., seven scones and a mutton chop."

THE CORNISHMAN :—"Later each boy was required to sign a form which was no more than a promise to observe the rules of their corps, to honour their King, their country and their FAG."

THE HENLEY AND SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE STANDARD : — "... was brought up in custody charged with stealing a suit of clothes, a shirt, brush and SOMS, and a bottle of cream. . . ."

TIRING DAYS FOR THE FEET

Housewives and all workers who have more than their share of walking and standing to do will find freedom from foot troubles in this easy Zam-Buk treatment. First bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly. Then massage them with Zam-Buk Ointment for a few minutes nightly.

Zam-Buk rids the feet of tenderness, soreness, swelling and inflammation. It softens and removes corns and callouses.

So remember Zam-Buk to-night for comfortable feet to-morrow.

Zam-Buk

Ends Aching, Soreness and Pain

THE TILES CONCERT

"Fancy expecting me to sing at the Larder Guard concert. I couldn't raise a purr for a mouse on toast!"

"Dog's ears! What do I see? They realised I needed TIBS! I'll soon be okay now!"

"They say I was a howling success. Naturally, I'm fit to raise the roof, now."

TIBS

'TIBS' are tasteless in the cats' food. From all chemists and corn merchants. 7d. for 9, or 1/1 for 21.

100 PURRS IN EVERY PACKET

A product of Bob Martin Ltd. Southport

7238-12

GREATEST OF THESE

● The facts of a distressing appeal before us are vouched for by the applicant's doctor.

Before the war Frank Haldenby was unemployed, though physically fit. At the outbreak of war he volunteered for the Navy, being passed Grade 1. After thirteen months' service he was discharged with bronchitis. Subsequent work in an engineering foundry so aggravated his complaint that he had to give the work up. Now he is only fit for light work, which is so exceedingly difficult to find.

So much illness, with a wife and two children to keep, has caused him to get into arrears with rent and furniture payments. To add to their troubles their bed has just broken and is too old for repair.

The sum of £8 is needed to give this deserving family a fresh start, and we feel sure that it is in the power of our readers to contribute sufficient to relieve this family from their most pressing debts.

Donations earmarked "Yvonne," or for our General Fund, should be addressed to the Secretary JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

Result of "BULLETS" 1,336

FIRST PRIZE £50

D. Scourfield, 1, Tabernacle Row, Narberth, Pem., for this "Bullet."

ALONG THE SEA LANES

LOSSES GREAT—GREATNESS UNLOST

839 : M. R. Beaton, 6, Loanhead Cres., Newarthill, Motherwell.
Pressing Problem—India's Freedom? No—*World's!*

810 : B. E. Bishop, Glen Bungalow, Saltford, Bristol.
What We Save—"Advances" Advancing Our Advance.

85 : W. H. Hargreaves, 10, Bower St., Oldham.
Bidding A Lot—Damon—See Hunn!

84 : D. Bennett, 40, Bolingo Rd., Edinburgh.
Bidding A Lot—Too Little, Too Many!

88 : D. Marshall, 24, Verdure Ave., Bolton.
In A Hurry — Hitler — "Content" Not "Avenue"?

82 : W. Scothorne, 13, Montrose St., Saltburn-by-Sea.
Time—To Hit—To B!

98a. : F. J. Anderson, 30, The Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea.
What We Save—In "Kitty"? On "Bulling"!

98a. : C. H. L. Pugh, 30, Stanborough Lane, Greasbrough, Rotherham.
Won't Win The War—Bonds Alone—Rush Together!

94a. : W. L. Jones, 4, Kitchener Ave., Gloucester.
Along The Sea Lanes—Imagine Yourself Going Shopping!

92a. : P/O E. G. Barker, 134, Blundell Rd., Edgware.
Pressing Problem—Too Many "Bens" Completing.

90a. : Mrs. E. Haymaker, 10, Dubbs St., Pratton, Portsmouth.
In A Hurry—Publican's Cloth—Barmaid Isn't!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

4 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD NO. 288

WINNING WORDS : 1. Hatch. 2. Hoe. 3. Bin! 4. Chair. 5. Rash. 6. Quilt. 7. Rent. 8. Hag or Hen. 9. Pine. 10. Beach. 11. Lilac. 12. Chick. 13. Pass. 14. Fence.

£100 SHARERS :—Mrs. D. Dowling, 24, Aubrey Rd., Bristol; E. Dowling, 24, Aubrey Rd., Bristol; H. Hughesdon, 14, Woodside Park, London, S.E.25; Mrs. E. Vass, 450, Barlow Moor Rd., Chorlton-c.-Hardy, Manchester.

Awards value £25 shared between 20 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

Have your child immunised FREE—*the sooner after the first birthday the better.* Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre.

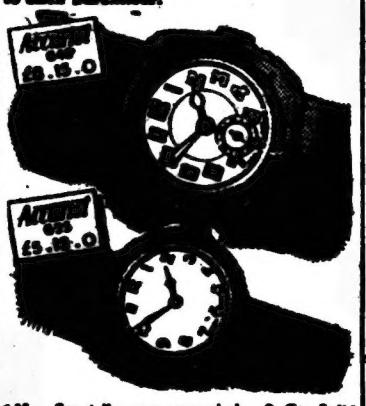
Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

Accurist
SURELY GUARANTEED WATCHES

NOW AVAILABLE

A further limited supply of Accurist Models as illustrated below. For the purpose of ensuring fair distribution we regret that only ONE watch can be sent to each purchaser.



646. Specially recommended. 9 Ct. Solid Gold Gent's model, seconds hands, £9 15s. 0d., plus 1/3 for packing, postage, insurance, etc. Luminous dial 5/- extra. 688. 9 Ct. Solid Gold Ladies' model, moire band, £5 15s. 0d., plus 1/3 for packing, postage, insurance, etc.

SPECIAL ACCURIST FEATURES: ● 12 months' written guarantee. ● Specially examined Swiss jewelled movement, individually timed and bench tested. ● Shock and vibration proof. ● Unbreakable domed glass. ● London-made, Hall marked, solid gold, dust-proof cases. ● Finest quality leather strap on Gent's Watches, Silk Moire Band on Ladies' Watches. ● If not completely satisfied your money will be refunded in full on return of the watch.

SPECIAL OFFER TO WAR WORKERS. Above Models fully Guaranteed 24/- Gent's Chromium Accurist Watch £2. Limited supplies now available.

Lawrence Sealey

Dept. V.V.2, 92, Regent St., London, W.1.

FALSE TEETH
Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE *for making false teeth fit firmly.* Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

NO COUPONS

COMPLETELY REPAIRED ARMY BOOTS

Army or Air Force boots repaired to defy the hardest wear, soled and heeled with first-class leather by expert workmen. Could there be better value at 10/6 and NO COUPONS? Ideal for farm, civil defence and other outdoor workers, steelworkers, miners, etc., etc. Ask NOW. Postage & packing 9d extra

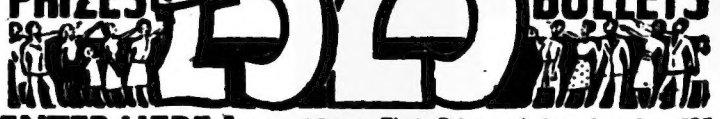
Positive

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If Not Satisfied.

Send P.O. for 11/9 and Size No. to

GRAY & ROSS Ltd. (Dept. J.B.)
166, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CASH £325 for X WORDS and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER and BULLETS



ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For result of Xwords No. 288, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in 'entry' column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 MAY GIVE AWAY FACT OF WICKED COOKING	L D G E R			
2 IT'S OUT OF A GAMBLE TO RUN THIS	R I K			
3 SAILORS LEARN HOW TO KEEP THESE PROPERLY	O G S			
4 THESE COMMONLY GO IN CYCLES	T U E S			
5 PROFESSIONAL BOXER EXPECTS TO MAKE HIMSELF THIS	I T			
6 FARMER LEAVES THIS UNPLOUGHED	B A K			
7 GREAT MANY PEOPLE HAVE MEMORY OF THESE DOMINO SHOWS	A R K S			
8 IT'S GETTING HARDER TO MAKE THESE	C R C K S			
9 IT'S SILLY WHEN THIS IS ALLOWED TO PART LOVING COUPLE	G L			
10 WINNERS HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE REACHING THIS	O A L			
11 IS FREQUENTLY DEMONSTRATED TO MEDICAL STUDENTS	S K L L			
12 SPIRAL THIS OF SCREW IS USED THE BETTER TO PENETRATE WOOD	O R M			
13 WE EXPECT CERTAIN ONES TO BE FULL OF GINGER	J A S			
14 IT'S SPLENDID WORK WHEN ENEMY'S FORTIFIED POSTS ARE THIS BY US	M P P E D			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Sept. 15.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK
No..... MONDAY, SEPT. 7
Signed .....
Address .....
292

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie of ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /A Co./; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 26, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS — 1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, Sept. 18. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,336th Contest on page 14.

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

MAN IN COMMAND
READY TO ATTACK
AT SEA
IN INDIA
FREE FOR ALL
WE EXPECT
BOUNTIFUL NATURE
IN THE LAST WAR
NOT SO SIMPLE
WINTER'S COMING, SO
PATRIOTISM
SPIT AND POLISH
NOT WORTH HAVING

UNITY, IS STRENGTH, SO
ON THE SHIPYARD FRONT
REMEMBER, WOOLTON
REGIMENTAL MASCOT
WHY BE GLOOMY WHEN
ORDERS ARE ORDERS, SO
DAD DUG FOR VICTORY, BUT

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

BEFORE WE .....
KEEPS .....BUSY
IN GOOD .....
CHAMPION .....
IT'S A .....BUT
HORRORS OF .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated September 18.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark 1,340 Monday, Sept. 7.

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,340—or Xword No. 292, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

RELIEF *and* HEALING

From the pain and torment of septic skin complaints Dettol Ointment brings relief and healing. It calms the irritation, it relieves the inflammation, and sinks deeply into the tissue to destroy those germs which by their poisons make healing both difficult and slow.

In the treatment of obstinate skin affections Dettol Ointment marks a new departure. It contains in active form the germicidal principle of 'Dettol', the modern antiseptic which has won the confidence and trust of doctors and surgeons everywhere.

Here then is an ointment which fights for you. Besides calming and relieving the irritation, Dettol Ointment fights to destroy the germs of septic skin infection, and so gives vital help to the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean new healthy skin.

From the moment you apply this new actively antiseptic ointment it will go on working surely and gently to keep you free from re-infection while the process of clean, safe healing goes steadily on.

From all chemists, 1/5 includes tax

DETTOL Healing & Actively Antiseptic **OINTMENT**

ACID STOMACH
WIND, PAIN AND NAUSEA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

It is a remarkable fact that the entire medical profession regards 'Milk of Magnesia' as the ideal remedy for acid stomach. Doctors know that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the system and its alkalizing effect is instantaneous. Acidity, wind, heartburn, nausea and indigestion vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' The stomach is soothed and strengthened and digestion is able to proceed in comfort. That sick, sour feeling and headache—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels like magic. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and try it to-day; you'll be delighted. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity) *Including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3, and 3/11½. *(Including Pur. Tax).* Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

If your feet hurt —get CRO-PAX

Whatever your trouble, there are 30 scientifically designed CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS to bring you instant relief and a speedy cure. No need to suffer any longer.

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS

are within the reach of all, from 3d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all chemists . . . and all WOOLWORTHS STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD.
Nottingham & London
C24

FOOD FACTS

M.F

DRIED EGGS

How much Dried Egg can I buy?

Before August 31st the shops will have had enough to supply one package or tin to every customer who was registered with them for shell eggs. This will make up the first distribution. If you have changed your retailer go to the new one, but in all cases the *old book* will be marked.

Then there will be other distributions?

Yes indeed! The next general share out will be in early October.

How long do Dried Eggs keep?

This is a difficult one — so much depends on the date when the tin or package was packed and on how it has been stored since. As you will be able to get more dried eggs at regular intervals, the best way is to start on what you've got now, and so make sure of enjoying the eggs at their best. They won't keep for the winter.

Why do you say "Tin or Package"?

Most of the supplies so far have been in the red and silver tin, and there are more of these to come, but some supplies are being packed in special waxed cartons with a picture of the "Lease/Lend" eagle. *Whatever the shape or type of container, you may be sure of getting twelve pure eggs for your* 1/9.

Where is the best place to keep my Dried Eggs?

Any cool dry place where you are not likely to forget them. Moisture, heat and the odour of other food all tend to spoil dried eggs. Do not keep it in the refrigerator after the tin has been opened.

How do Dried Eggs compare with shell eggs for cooking?

As yolk and white are mixed, Dried Eggs cannot be boiled, fried or poached. For all other purposes, treat them exactly as shell eggs. They have the same *food values*, and are just as good for children as for grown-ups. One tin will go just as far as a dozen eggs from the farm. After mixing with water or milk — "reconstituting" they call it — you *must* use the mixture right away. If you would like a leaflet of recipes, write to the Ministry of Food.

Can Dried Eggs be used dry?

Yes, for puddings and cakes. The dried egg should be mixed well with the flour.

I am not now registered for shell eggs. Can I get Dried Eggs?

Yes, from any retailer who has them for sale, but don't forget to take your old Ration Book as well as your new one.

Listen to the Kitchen Front at 8-15 every morning.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 111

A close shave!

Think inSTEAD use STEAD RAZOR BLADES

Splendid Corrective!

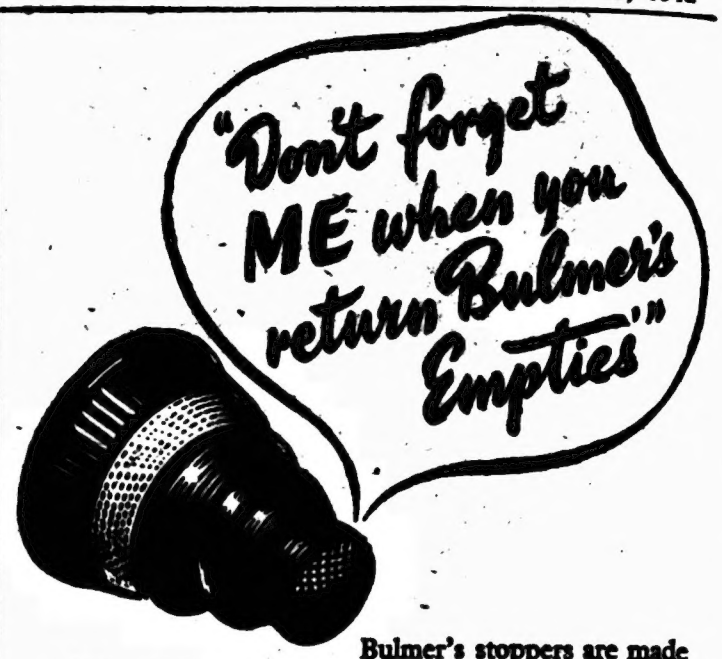
Our less-varied wartime diet is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna pods by a special process, it helps the system back to regularity in a gentle, healthy way. Lixen is suitable for young and old.

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/6. Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN THE GOOD-NATURED Laxative

L499



Bulmer's stoppers are made from precious rubber. When lost or mislaid they cannot be replaced. By seeing they are screwed back on your empty Bulmer's bottles you will be helping to conserve the supplies of rubber. So don't forget, when you have enjoyed a drink of Bulmer's delicious Cider, see the bottle—with stopper intact—is returned promptly to your Dealer.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD royds 43

Germolene ASEPTIC OINTMENT Will HEAL IT - Clean!

Dear Sirs,
"My brother had treatment for seven weeks but the trouble got worse, the entire arm being red and inflamed. Then I thought of Germolene, and with six days' treatment nothing could be seen except a scar or two. Now I am pleased to inform you that thanks to Germolene it has cleared within ten days of first applying the ointment."
Miss W.M.B., N.W.1

Germolene is famed for its remarkable benefit in all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Rash, Blemishes, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

Here's a food that's STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE THE 3-STAR COCOA

5D PER QTR. LB.

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD BUILDER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN D—VITAL TO HEALTH

Sorry Madam!

We apologise for the present shortage. Rationing of materials has enforced it. We try to distribute fairly what we do make, so keep asking your grocer until his stock arrives.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

"Walters" Palm Toffee

Control price 5d PER QUARTER

DELIGHTS STRENGTHENS SUSTAINS

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J.B.L. 243 ★ 230